The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

The Week.

Probably no ex-President ever had quite the sort of compliment implied in the rising demand, in so many parts of the country, that Mr. Cleveland be made again the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Vilified by the majority of his party during his last term; out of office for eight years; the object still of the most intense personal hostility on the part of hundreds of thousands of Democrats—the tradition of his rugged character and great services persists in such power that the eyes and hopes of many of his former followers are turning to him. Under the shadow of his mighty name even discredited and unscrupulous bosses like Murphy, and Smith of New Jersey, and John R. McLean of Ohio, are, for their own purposes, seeking to take refuge. This, of course, tends to discredit the seriousness of the movement. Those dishonest politicians cannot really want that honest man. The call for Mr. Cleveland is, besides, in the face of his own announcement that his decision not to accept another nomination is "unalterable." It goes dead against the apparently settled conditions of practical politics. None the less is it a remarkable tribute to a great public figure. President Roosevelt has said that the reëlection of Mr. Cleveland in 1892 was, under the circumstances, the most extraordinary personal triumph known to our political annals. He might rank the present beseeching of the old leader to emerge from his retirement as still more extraordinary.

Congressman Lucking of Detroit, a Democrat, makes one or two interesting points regarding the Republican platform. He says that it is silent on the President's "biggest and longest fight," Cuban reciprocity, and that this fact alone "proves the absolute control of the stand-patters." If the platform makes any allusion at all to Cuban reciprocity, it is certainly veiled. It states that we freed the island, and then gave it to its inhabitants with order restored, and "connected with the United States by wise provisions for our mutual interests"; which can be construed any way you please. The Convention had much to say about the confidence of the people in that quality in Roosevelt which enabled him "to render personally inestimable service" to the country, and it mourned that "great statesman and patriotic American, William McKinley." But never a specific word about Cuban reciprocity, to which both were sincerely committed. Mr. Lucking also points out that, with business depression and a Treasury deficit staring the country in the face, the Republican platform had nothing to say about economy in Government expenditures. But how could it? Did Mr. Lucking think the party was going to admit publicly that times were hard, and that it had been squandering the people's money?

The special invitation extended by Mr. Roosevelt to "Lou" Payn, the very type and flower of the baser Republicanism, and the "satisfactory" conference had by the two, cannot be overlooked by students of that interesting subject, Mr. Roosevelt's psychology. Coming upon the heels of his recognition of Addicks, his laudation of Quay, his choice of that dearest foe of his, ex-Gov. Black, as his chief eulogist at Chicago, the Payn incident is highly illuminative. Does he forget the past? Is his former undying opposition to Black and Payn, so tearfully celebrated by Mr. Riis, already forgotten? Do his efforts to undo their evil work and rid the party of them count for nothing? They only make his present attitude more sublime. The lower he has to stoop to compromise, the loftier does he feel his political virtue to be. For is he not doing a thing personally most disagreeable, a thing from which his nature instinctively shrinks, in order to compass the "larger good"? It is, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine of the larger good, combined with his passionate devotion to compromise as the chief of political virtues, that makes him capable of doing with a fine moral enthusiasm things which would stagger a hardened politician.

Secretary Shaw has substantially got his predicted surplus of $14,000,000 for the fiscal year—that is, after excepting the Panama and St. Louis Fair payments from the account. The exact sum is $13,247,674, resulting from receipts of $541,186,745 and expenditures of $527,939,071. The Treasury has accomplished this feat by a spurt on the home-stretch. The surplus accumulated in June was, on the night of June 27, only about $7,500,000, and on June 29 it was about $8,400,000. On the last day of the fiscal year, however, there was a jump of about $2,500,000, the total excess for the month being $10,919,513. This was accomplished by withholding payments on that day in a wholesale fashion. The total receipts for June 30 were $2,990,872, but only $647,000 was paid out, leaving Secretary Shaw $2,343,872 to help make good his estimate of last December. This is not a new policy for the Treasury Department. The receipts are apt to exceed expenditures heavily on the last day of the year. In 1903 there was a balance for the day of about $1,900,000, and in 1902 one of about $2,900,000.

No exhibit at St. Louis can be half so startling or instructive as the display of public corruption which that city offers to the world. It was again unfolded last week in the confession of one of the guilty officials, made in the fear of Folk. By it we are let inside the whole system. We see shameless corporations willing to buy legislation, and calloused public servants ready to sell it. The member of the House of Delegates, C. A. Gutke, who now turns State's evidence, declares that no ordinances affecting public franchises in any way could be passed without bribery, large or small. His specification of names, dates, and sums appears complete. What is most alarming, however, is his statement that the unblushing gang of thieves still hope, in spite of all that Mr. Folk has done to break them up and jail them, to escape unwhipped and entrench themselves in power again politically. They plan to circumvent the courts and "fix" juries. As Mr. Folk's successor, they propose to elect a man who will not be so "unreasonable" in running down rich criminals. All told, therefore, the municipal situation in St. Louis is still full of peril. The boodlers are only biding their time. They hope to defeat justice by means of politics. And no doubt every thief of them, together with the directors of the wicked corporations that bought illegal privileges, will rally with tremendous patriotism under the banners of their respective parties, and go into raptures of enthusiasm over the republic which they are doing their best to destroy.

To the latest lynching of a negro in Mississippi, for assaulting a white girl, columns of space were given in the newspapers, with the customary lamentations over the fearful degeneracy of the colored race. But at almost the same time in New Jersey five men were arrested for having lured a young woman to a secluded spot and there cruelly maltreating her; and of this item of news barest mention was made in the press. There seemed to be a general desire to hurry over it and forget it as one of those manifestations of brutal passion which remind human beings of their bestial origin. But why was this, except for the reason that these particular beasts were white men? If they had been black, it is safe to say that their crime would have been ventilated in the most sensational way, lynching would have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threatened, and all kinds of morals drawn to the discredit of negroes. Let us be fair in such matters. Let us not condemn either the white or the black race for the deeds of its exceptionally fiendish members; and let us bear in mind the part which newspaper partiality and lack of due proportion in the treatment of such crimes has in doing practical injustice to the colored race.

An interesting situation has been created by a court decision in Milwaukee enjoining a certain tailoring company from discharging the members of a labor union. It was shown that the company was under contract to employ only union men for a specified time. The proceedings certainly show the hollowness of the position of organized labor as regards "government by injunction." It seems that the injunction is a perfectly proper means when it can be used to the advantage of the labor unions. But the recent decision has other curious features. The head of the tailoring establishment explains that there are two unions among the tailors in Milwaukee, and that his contract was with only one, which agreed to furnish him all the labor he needed. As it was unable to do so, he hired some men of the other organization. Thereupon the first union brought suit, charging that the defendants had entered into an agreement with other custom tailors of the city to break up the organization. If the facts are correctly stated, labor is apparently at war as much against itself as against capital. The Milwaukee decision, however, is in sharp contrast to one handed down on June 28 by a Massachusetts court in a similar case. The owner of a Boston tailor-shop contracted to employ only union labor, and agreed to regulate wages, hours of work, and apparently everything else, in accordance with the demands of the local union. In this case the court went beyond the mere question of whether the parties had lived up to the agreement, and held that the contract itself was "null and void because of such terms, and illegal and contrary to good conscience and public policy."

Capital and labor may differ in many ways, but they are fundamentally very much alike in the kind of rascals they produce. The Housesmiths and Bridgemen's local unions have in particular been prolific of officials who knew a "dead sure thing" when they saw it. Local 2 distinguished itself by producing Sam Parks, who was a sort of Napoleon in his line, and who made short work of such representatives of organized capital as caused any fuss in handing over the spoils. Local 52 has now the stage. Unlike Sam Parks, its treasurer has not preyed chiefly upon the Egyptians, but has gone through the strong-box of the chosen people themselves. He has just been arrested for devoting to his own use $1,854 of the union's funds, and, according to the police, he says he lost the money playing a "dead sure system of beating the races." Such instances are getting to be so common that people will soon begin to ask seriously, "How much better are the labor leaders than many of our Wall Street promoters and underwriters, or of our bank officials who use public funds for private speculation?" Seriously, if large investors and bank depositors are fair prey for tricksters, labor unions are very much more so. Their members are more easily gulled; and the worst of it is that slippery fellows whose only object is to rob the unions, and who care not a farthing for the real interests of labor, are often the ones to determine their policies.

Mr. Frank Cochran has pointed out the real defect in the "scabs." They are without the fear of God, and it was to remedy this that fourteen of them were blown into eternity at Independence, Col., on June 6. Cochran, who is secretary of the Victor Miners' Union No. 32, states under oath that the outrage was planned by representatives of organized labor. He says that a Mr. Haywood, who is described as secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, came to him and declared that "we have got to put the fear of God into these fellows," and then sent him to talk the matter over with two other men by the name of Parker and Easterly. The explosion was directly caused by one Victor Poole. These names are significant. Cochran, Haywood, Parker, Easterly, and Poole have neither a Slavonic, an Hungarian, nor an Italian sound. They are the kind of names we have always been in the habit of associating with sober Americanism. And yet the dastardly act that has just brought them into prominence differs only in degree, and not at all in kind, from the intimidation practised by the labor unions in the East. The accepted theory on the part of organized labor is that the "scab" should "get off the earth." A favorite means of getting him off is to starve him. When this has failed, his house has been burned, and his wife and children maltreated. But in Colorado they do things with frontier roughness. Dynamite is the best sermonizer out there.

By its sweeping verdict fixing criminal responsibility for the slaughter of the innocents on board the *Slocum*, the coroner's jury has lived up to a sense of public duty. The evidence before it fully warranted its finding. Never was there so gigantic a calamity so plainly due to gigantic carelessness. Somebody ought to be punished for it if justice is not to be mocked. Of course, the coroner's inquiry is only preliminary. It remains now for the District Attorney and for the United States prosecuting officers to press on the trials of those responsible. The most striking part of the arraignment by the coroner's jury is the severe condemnation of the United States inspector for "criminal negligence." Indeed, the whole system of inspection under Federal authority is denounced as inefficient, and the Secretary of Commerce is called upon to see to it that his force of local inspectors is overhauled and made to do their work "efficiently and *honestly*." In that last word we are put on the track of the one great political moral of the whole affair. Behind "graft" stalks murder. Corruption in the public service means a literal striking at the very life of the people. This is the burden which the Administration at Washington has to bear. It must explain to a mourning city how it came to allow the guardians of public safety to become so lax or rotten that they permitted 1,000 women and children to be needlessly burned to death or drowned.

The first batch of Chinese coolies for the Transvaal mines was expected to reach South Africa June 18. But on that very day *South Africa*, a London weekly, containing the following: "The substantial increase shown in the gold output of the Transvaal during May, despite decreased labor, is eloquent testimony of the marvellous possibilities of the future." Even more eloquent are the increased dividends which the mines are paying. During the week prior to June 18 one company declared 112½ per cent., following a distribution of "similar noble dimensions" in December. Another announced a payment of 100 per cent., as against one of 80 per cent. These are only two of a long list of companies showing gains. The fact is, the Transvaal mines have, by a natural process, been recovering as fast as could be expected from a long and disastrous war. But the South African miners propose to do nothing by halves. Great as have been their profits in the past, they can be heavily increased by a reduction in the cost of labor. The importation of Chinese coolies will bring the Kaffir to his senses. When he realizes what is taking place, he will, in the language of South Africa, "quickly show the healthful effects of competition." In short, the stockholders in mines that have been paying 100 per cent. or more every six months can flatter themselves that they will not long have to be content with such a meagre return.

Mr. Chamberlain must now think that the Canadians are like the deaf adder, which harkens not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. His passionate appeal last year to the colonies to abandon their "secondary" industries is regarded as mere chatter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

north of the St. Lawrence. There is, says a Canadian correspondent of the London *Economist*, a general disposition to launch into those higher manufactures which Mr. Chamberlain, "in his innocence, thought we ought to reserve for Englishmen." One hears of projected yarn, cutlery, and carpet factories, of shipbuilding plants on the Great Lakes, and of other industries capable of reducing British Exports. Most of these schemes are likely to come to nothing, but there is no mistaking the growing determination to make the preference with the mother country of no practical benefit. A Canadian trade paper says: "The question of fealty to the mother country does not, and should not, enter into the consideration of our fiscal relations. But even if it did, there is no good reason why the mills of the Dominion should be sacrificed in favor of British manufacturers." The fact is, the Canadians feel that Chamberlain is playing a sly game, "and we are only bettering the lesson taught us of late from Birmingham."

By the withdrawal of the free-trade members of the Liberal Unionist Association, that moribund body falls completely under Mr. Chamberlain's control. A very valuable political asset it cannot be considered, but it has the possibilities of all dormant franchises. An organization is always worth something, and should Home Rule again come to the fore, Mr. Chamberlain's capture of the Liberal Unionists might conceivably justify his pains. It should be recalled, however, that among those he loses is the Duke of Devonshire, and in general he retains only the obscurer members. In fact, imperial reciprocity seems so dead—the Canadian tariff scheme smites it in the house of its friends—that there ought to have been some way of avoiding the split; for it is entirely possible that Mr. Chamberlain may never rally his Liberal Unionists for the tariff fight, but rather for the next political alarum that seems worth his while. The estimable gentlemen who make up the Liberal Unionists, not content with throwing overboard their best shipmates, are embarking, in the words of a South Sea Bubble prospectus, upon "a project the nature of which will be later divulged."

It is not unusual to closure all bills at the end of a crowded Parliamentary session, but Mr. Balfour's application of that rule looks uncommonly like a signal of distress. The party whips have been overtaxed to maintain a majority. The new rule will allow matters to be brought to a vote before the dinner hour draws the Unionist members away from Westminster. Of Mr. Balfour's manipulating his majority to please himself no one can complain; it is better after all to pass the minor bills wholesale while there is a majority, than to turn on the Unionist timekillers until the reluctant members can be haled to the turnstiles. Should the Licensing Bill be passed under closure, however, the Liberals and the country would have a just grievance. To indemnify publicans for non-renewal of licenses is a fairly revolutionary measure, involving the creation of a new kind of property right, and carrying with it enormous possibility of expense. Such a measure should be thoroughly debated. Evidently, Mr. Balfour does not mean to be caught, as on previous occasions, with a number of important bills unpassed. But his popularity to-day will hardly bear that mode of railroading the Licensing Bill, even on the theory that previous to liquidation he is setting his political house in order.

German stupidity never seemed more laughable than in all the outcry now making in Germany about our tariff laws. What is particularly objected to is our Customs Administrative Law—really the greatest monument of human or, at any rate, protective intelligence. Tariffs can be circumvented, but by clever administration we circumvent the circumventors. That is where the joke comes in. The Germans complain that we will not take the oath of their exporters, or admit invoices sworn to before our own consuls. Certainly not. Protection is the great provocative of perjury, and has to be on its guard against it; besides, we know how easily our consuls may be fooled or bribed. Then the Germans go on to protest that we have so arranged the law that there is no appeal to the courts, and that even a manifest injustice cannot be redressed. This is positively delicious. When did the Germans discover that protective tariffs had anything to do with justice? But the Germans cease to be funny and begin to talk in a highly offensive fashion when they make threats about keeping American exports out of their own market. They even have the effrontery to complain of our "dumping" iron and steel manufactures upon them, at prices far below those exacted in this country. But this is both foolish and unfriendly. Haven't the pig-headed Teutons read Secretary Shaw's explanation of American dumping? He made it clear to the humblest intellect—even to the German mind, we should hope—that our practice of selling cheaper abroad than at home is purely an evolution of modern business, and perfectly justified. It keeps our mills busy when otherwise they would have to shut down; and what we ask is if a nation like Germany, professing to be friendly, proposes to do all it can to bankrupt our manufacturers? Besides, it ought to be glad to get our goods cheap. Nor should it dare to go behind our invoices and ask what our prevailing market rates are. All those privileges of protection were never intended for a country so young in the faith as Germany. They are reserved for that aged saint, Uncle Sam.

There is no abating the zeal for polar exploration. It was announced on Friday that the German South Polar ship *Gauss* is shortly to start for the North Pole with a Canadian expedition under Government auspices, coming close upon a new French plan for attaining the farthest north. Unlike some other expeditions which have started for the Arctic in recent years, the French undertaking has received at the outset a very striking scientific endorsement, more than fifty of the best-known men of science in France having signed a memorandum declaring that it would be of great scientific utility. As explained by M. Charles Bénard, the expedition should follow a route a little to the north of that taken by the *Fram*, starting from a Norwegian port and crossing the southern portion of Barents Sea. Passing the summer along the Peninsula of Taimyr, it should arrive at the islands of New Siberia by the end of autumn. Instead of going north from there, as the *Fram* did, the ships—for there are to be two, specially built and equipped with wireless telegraphy—are then to make every effort to reach a point on the one hundred and fiftieth degree of east longitude, whence they need only drift with the ice. Three years is to be the duration of the expedition, which is to be provisioned for five. As the cost is estimated at only $300,000, it ought not to be very difficult to find a wealthy patron, particularly in view of the weighty scientific approval the proposal has received.

The rains have brought the northern military operations to a standstill. The Japanese hold all the important passes, but are apparently suffering from interrupted transport service and from insufficient shelter. In these respects the Russians, who are concentrated in the larger towns along the railway, have a considerable advantage. Seemingly, the campaign has ended in a stalemate. The rains came a week too soon for an effective juncture of Kuroki and Oku near Kaiping. North of the Hai-Cheng road it is doubtful if the Japanese have been strong enough to deliver a formidable attack. Kuropatkin, too, must be far weaker than has been supposed. He would hardly have given up Mo-tien Pass, on the high-road from the Yalu to Liaoyang, unless the call for troops to the south had been imperative. Delay plays so obviously into the hands of the Russians that we may yet see a desperate attempt to secure a base at Yinkow. Such a movement, though it would be undertaken at great risk, would settle the transport problem for the Japanese.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENTIMENT VS. LAW.

Mr. Olney, speaking before the Harvard Law School Association last week raised the important question whether the United States is not unconsciously substituting a sentimental principle of authority for the rigid code of law. It was a pertinent issue to present to a body of lawyers, for if law is gradually to yield to the humanitarian instincts of our rulers, the legal profession must lose authority. The challenge was timely, for, just before, ex-Secretary Root, speaking at Yale Law School, had sounded the same warning against official usurpation of the rights of the nation. The occasion was dramatic, for Secretary Taft had been telling the Harvard Law graduates that Mr. Roosevelt's gentlemanliness was the ultimate warrant of his administrative acts, and Mr. Taft himself, as Mr. Olney did not fail to point out, stood before the audience as the personification of a benevolent despotism wholly foreign to the spirit of our laws.

Against the willingness to substitute sentiment for law Mr. Olney forcibly protested:

> "A new school of thought has arisen," he said, "and the American lawyer of to-day finds himself grappling with ideas for which he will search in vain any writings or utterances of the great American jurists of two generations ago. . . . The orator of the day [Mr. Taft], for example, with a laudable frankness which ignored any claim of benefit to the people of the United States from its present Oriental experiment, defended it a few days since on humanitarian grounds. According to him, we are rich enough and can afford it, and therefore it is our duty to sacrifice American lives and American treasure indefinitely and without stint for the education and elevation of Filipinos according to American standards.
>
> "But out of any such proposition at once issues another legal puzzle for the modern American lawyer—to find in the National Constitution the principle of altruism; to find in a frame of government declared on its face, by the people adopting it, to be designed to 'secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity' any authority for purely philanthropic enterprises."

Now, Secretary Taft and all of Mr. Roosevelt's followers wave aside such an argument impatiently. They perceive an imperative duty, they set about its accomplishment like men; let the law take its lagging course. Time enough after our duty is done for Congress to validate our acts by law. Time enough, when Congress has cut the law to suit our actions, for the Supreme Court to cut the Constitution to fit both. This is the real attitude of those who plead for a kind of higher law. Virtually they make of law a secondary convenience, and for emergencies fall back upon morals as interpreted by a strong and virtuous ruler; and this school of thought admits the possibility of only such.

No body of lawyers certainly could question the propriety of challenging so loose a theory of government. For what, practically, does the gentlemanly or the humane rule of a just man mean? It means at best his instinctive decision, subject to all the fallibility of individual judgment; at worst it means a decision influenced by the less worthy motives of those to whom he is beholden. Or, to return to the legal aspect of the matter, no lawyer can consistently regard government as anything but a trust—a trust under a broad deed, perhaps, but still under definite limitations of power. Now, where would the law be if trustees generally disregarded their charter and fell back upon their gentlemanliness, their high ideals, their irrepressible humanity? What would Mr. Taft say to a trustee who invested in, say, Hackensack Meadows to relieve a distressed speculator with a sick wife and eight small children? How would the courts treat an animal-loving trustee who, deeply affected by the tortures inflicted on horses in Southern Italy, gave 10 per cent. of his trust to the Naples Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Such conduct by individuals would be grotesque, yet we accept this conduct in a President, we applaud it in the nation. When Mr. Root hints at the evil, we turn it off as an academic lucubration; when Mr. Olney speaks out plainly, he is in imminent danger of being dismissed as an impracticable pessimist.

Yet he exposes a real peril. There is no bottom to this doctrine of the good man above the law. Robespierre was such a good man in his time. No individual is strong or safe enough to exercise among his neighbors the kind of surveillance which we are assured this country must keep upon less enlightened peoples. In practice, this philanthropic opportunism has always broken down, leaving only the opportunism behind. It is very well for Secretary Taft to glorify retrospectively the motives that led to the retention of the Philippine Islands. The facts are otherwise. A vague hope of exploitation, unwillingness to withdraw from a possibly profitable game—these were the real grounds of our inaction. Senator Beveridge was the prophet of that evangel, not Judge Taft. So it always is; greed attaches itself to all the fair phrases; conquest in the name of humanity seldom fails to develop into an argument for political promotion or commercial spoliation. Law, on the contrary, has this great advantage—that it assumes that men are selfish and need to be restrained, grants no roving commissions, safeguards the individual's right to live his own life against the opinions of stronger neighbors. On this sound basis of reality people live at peace; on any other theory a democratic society dissolves under the intolerable regimen of compelling the many to obey the will of the few.

Indeed, the hollowness of this new theory that a strong nation has missionary duties is displayed in the fact that, though preached broadly as a general principle, its very champions hesitate to apply it in particular cases. Mr. Roosevelt dared not frankly cast himself upon the welfare of humanity in the Panama *coup;* he appealed pathetically to the treaty of 1846—to law, that is. Mr. Taft to-day would as little venture to tell the Filipinos that they are to be ruled by us indefinitely for their own good, as he would let the anti-Imperialists inform them that they are to be made independent for our good. In every case there is some shrinking from the full admission that the instinct of our higher officers transcends the law that creates them. It is a significant thing when jurists of Mr. Root's and Mr. Olney's parts, when two ex-Secretaries who have been the right-hand men of masterful Presidents, solemnly warn the lawyers of our two oldest universities that law itself is in danger of falling before the rule of the Executive, which is then most arbitrary when it professes to be most humane.

"PLACES."

The Secretary of the Panama Canal Commission announces that he is receiving something like a thousand applications a day for positions. In self-defence he issues the public statement that there are no "places" at the Commission's disposal. All the work to be done is of an especial kind requiring peculiar aptitude; and he warns aspirants that it will do them no good to write to him or to attempt to secure influential political backing. Everything is to be put upon the basis of specialization and efficiency.

If the Secretary believes that this will make any great difference in the rush for Panama jobs, or that political magnates will not insist upon sinecures on the Isthmus for their protégés, he must be singularly ignorant of the present theory and practice of our Government. To multiply "places," and to endeavor to retain power by their adroit manipulation, is the very beginning of political wisdom. We talk easily about efficiency, but we do not really mean it. Why should the spoils-hunters think for a moment that the Administration intends to construct the Panama Canal without favoritism and with an eye strictly to business? They see that it begins by disregard of efficiency. Economy is an essential part of efficiency; yet the President, by extending the Dingley tariff to the Panama strip, has thrown economy to the winds. He did it, of course, to put money in the pockets of American contractors; but it is only a step from doing that to permitting American politicians to stuff the Commission's working force with their ne'er-do-weel dependents.

Just at present we have before us a ghastly illustration of the working of the doctrine of "places" in the Steam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat Inspection Service. Certified to as fully equipped and safe by a United States official, a death-trap carries a thousand women and children to destruction. Inspection that really inspects was evidently not dreamed of in the Government philosophy. So dismayed and staggered is the Secretary of Commerce when the disaster bursts upon him, so distrustful is he of the capacity or integrity of his subordinates, that he orders them to do their work over again, and this time to do it thoroughly and honestly. Yet this is the very branch of the service which, we were told a year ago with a great flourish, was reformed root and branch by a vigorous and fearless Executive. An incompetent head was removed instanter, and thereafter nothing but skill and honesty was to be tolerated in that important service. It was presently observed, however, that the inefficient officer who was dismissed with so much unction was soon "taken care of." He was, in fact, put in charge of the local inspection service in New York, and was thus technically responsible, as superior officer, for the lamentable failure in official duty in the case of the *Slocum*. He was, if our information is correct, kept in office by the power of his "pull." Potent Senators went to the President and said that they could never consent to seeing an old friend thrown out upon a cold world. Consequently, demonstrated inefficiency was given a new field in which to make mischief. The offices were thought of simply as berths to be filled, not as positions to be well administered. It was really the theory of government by "places" which destroyed the *Slocum* and filled this city with mourning.

A Chief Executive with the fear of place-holders before his eyes is paralyzed in his best-meant activities. Lincoln described, half-humorously, half-pathetically, the immensely greater difficulty of filling the fourth-class post-offices than of carrying on a titanic war. We are convinced that the President is greatly hampered in his Philippine policy by the horde of American office-holders in the islands. It is possible for Mr. Root to breathe a pious hope that, some day, American rule may be withdrawn from the Philippines, but if Mr. Roosevelt were to echo it, he would have a swarm of alarmed and angry politicians about his ears. What! surrender all those well-paid offices, throw upon their own resources, in an unfeeling world, all those handy men of ours whom we have provided for as secretaries and treasurers and auditors and judges in those isles of the blest, where nothing but detected embezzlement can lead to dismissal? In Cuba, the problem was simpler. There the work of administration was in the hands of the army. A soldier obeys orders, and gives up a job when commanded to; but meet a bear robbed of her whelps rather than a civilian office-holder threatened with the loss of his salary. He cries to high heaven; he looks to the political great ones, whence his help cometh; they fly to his rescue, and the beleaguered President finds it easier to make a change in his policy than in the offices.

It is vain to talk of efficiency in the public service so long as its nerves are cut by the spoils system. Lord Rosebery, the great apostle of efficiency in England, once described a certain kind of official as being "plush tied up with red tape." What we too often see in office is insolent incompetence, kept there by defiant politicians. Easy-going Americans smile at such lax or corrupt service as just a custom of the country, until they see it blaze out into wholesale murder. Then they cry out in shame and horror, not seeing how their own careless acquiescence in the use of public office as political rewards has brought calamity upon them.

FUTILE LAWS.

A great gulf is fixed between the theory and the practice of civil government. Theoretically, the legislature expresses the will of the people. As a matter of fact, the laws it enacts have all sorts of origin. Most of them are carried through in the interest of a small number of persons. It is absurd to suppose that the power of the community is available for the enforcement of such laws. The legislature depends upon the executive to carry out its mandates. This the executive may or may not do. "John Marshall has got his judgment," sneered President Jackson; "now let him enforce it."

In the current number of the *Yale Law Journal*, Mr. Charles G. Morris of the New Haven bar points out the extent of this divergence between theory and fact in the legislation of Connecticut. Under the title "The Inefficient Statute," he considers the causes and the varieties of inefficiency. A statute may be well-meant and be favored by public opinion, and yet not be enforced. The coroner's jury that investigated the fire at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago found "adequate statutory provisions for the builders' work being thorough and safe, for ample exits, for fireproof curtain and scenery, for the separation of stage and auditorium by fireproof devices, for a supply of fire-extinguishing apparatus, and even for the drilling of employees, and not least in the statutory provisions are requirements of periodical, thorough inspection, with authority in the executive to close the house if it fails to comply with these requirements. Yet with every statutory provision ample for enforcing the law, we find non-enforcement of the most glaring type." No great surprise will be felt should the investigation of the slaughter on the *Slocum* result in some such pitiful conclusion.

Statutes are not enforced for various reasons. The law may be satisfactory to a portion of the community, but displeasing to the remainder, and the refractory element may be practically the more powerful. Some laws are favored in one place, disliked in another, and where they are disliked they will be ignored. Not a few laws express merely a vague general opinion, and are universally disregarded. In some cases infringement is so difficult of detection as to make it impossible to procure a conviction; in others the machinery of enforcement is weak, or the wording of the law is such as to defeat the supposed intent of the Legislature. Finally, according to Mr. Morris, are to be included statutes the enforcement of which is left entirely to the individual harmed by their violation.

Of laws representing the opinion not of the public, but of an active part of the public, a type is to be found in the acts passed when bicycling was at its height. The wheelmen induced the Legislature to enact laws forbidding the injury of bicycle paths, and the throwing of articles injurious to bicycles on the highway. But these laws have seldom been enforced, and, with the decline of the influence of the bicyclists, have fallen into contempt. Where public sentiment is actively opposed to a statute, local or even general nullification may follow. The law of Connecticut provides that all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall be enrolled in the militia, and that the towns and cities shall collect two dollars from every one not exempted, and pay the amount to the State. The number of voters paying no taxes is, however, so large that the officers of the municipalities do not dare to enforce the law. They accordingly obtain the amount due the State from the proceeds of other taxes, thus throwing an illegal burden on a certain class of citizens.

Like other States, Connecticut has a law against profane language—"Every person who shall use any profane oath or shall wickedly curse another, shall be fined one dollar." A law like this has the mild endorsement of public opinion, and it would probably be impossible to repeal it, although it is almost never enforced. So there is a law which makes it a misdemeanor for any one to go on the land of another to hunt or to gather berries or nuts. The most that can be said in favor of such a law is that it enables an owner who has suffered from wanton trespassers, or who has special reasons for excluding the public, to defend himself; which, however, he ought to be able to do under the common law. There is a law forbidding the defacement of trees by placards, which is not enforced; but here there may be hope of eventual support from public opinion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of laws whose infringement cannot be easily discovered or proved, Mr. Morris mentions that which forbids the rooting up or injuring creeping fern and arbutus. Such acts are crimes in Connecticut, and it is a crime "to permit fowls (after notice) to trespass on a neighbor's land, to pick a huckleberry or a cranberry on another's waste land, to walk in another's orchard in the dead of winter, or to fish in Farm River, which is leased from the owners of the land by a private fishing club; and there are many other crimes of like significance."

This mass of futile laws is due to the propensity of men to force others to conform to certain standards. Murder, arson, and robbery are universally condemned, and every one aids the officers of the law in the detection of such crimes. But when an act is not universally condemned, or is commonly regarded as a venial offence, it is not wise to stigmatize it as a crime. This throws work on a frightfully overloaded institution — government — which it cannot properly perform; and by placing trivial acts in the same category with highway robbery, it brings the law into contempt. No one should call for a law unless he knows that it can be, and will be, enforced. The knowledge that laws are not enforced is a direct encouragement to lawlessness, and men come to regard obedience as a matter of calculation. Finding they can disobey one law with impunity, they are tempted to break others.

Men are restrained from evil deeds by conscience, by regard for public opinion, or by fear of punishment. The last motive should be appealed to only when the others are inefficacious; and when it is invoked its operation should be certain. Reformers would do well to concentrate their efforts on the machinery of justice; we need fewer laws and more punishments. We frequently see offences committed which we know that we ought to bestir ourselves about. Our own cowardice and disposition to avoid what is disagreeable account in part for our failures; but if policemen and magistrates would do their duty, the public would coöperate with them more vigorously. Yet the chief lesson taught by Mr. Morris's examples is that our aim should be to make nothing a crime which will not be punished as a crime; and, conversely, when we find that certain acts cannot be punished, to repeal the laws that declare them crimes.

ADMINISTRATION BY CARD CATALOGUE.

The report of the Tenement House Department for 1902 and 1903, just published in two large volumes, is a solid contribution to the science of municipal government. It is the record of the organization of a new administrative service, having more than 400 employees, a budget of $500,000, and duties altogether unique and far-reaching. Not since Col. Waring cleaned the external city has anything been done comparable to the success of Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller in applying similar methods to its hidden recesses—the yards, the alleys, the cellars, the living-rooms of the poor.

In the organization of their department Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller applied a new theory of administration. In some branches of the city government too much is left to the individual. There is a conspicuous lack of method; the enforcement of the laws depending not so much upon rule or regulation as upon the efficiency of the staff in charge. The loosest systems of administration prevail. An extreme instance is the Building Department. The Building Code itself, permitting the head of the bureau to suspend practically all the building laws at will, centres upon him all the responsibility for honest work. To what lengths we go was illustrated in the ordinance recently passed authorizing the superintendent summarily to stop work on any building when, in his judgment, public safety requires. The Tenement Department, however, is conceived on precisely opposite lines. The tenement law is specific in all its details. It stipulates the exact width of fire-escape stairs; the area, to an inch, of light and air courts. Likewise, the duties of the Commissioner are laid down in unambiguous terms. In organizing the department Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller generally applied this same principle. The discretion the law denied to them, they denied to their associates. In their hands the 400 employees became simply intelligent machines. A most elaborate system of regulations was adopted intended to apply to every case; and, by a remarkable plan of checks and balances, the men were kept rigidly in line.

A striking instance is furnished in the general forms of orders issued to inspectors. The latter are required, after reporting violations, to frame recommendations for their correction, these recommendations being sent in the form of orders to offending owners. In the Health Department, in which the inspectors have similar duties, they are required, for the most part, to write these letters themselves. As a result, the phraseology varies according to the inspector's literary powers, and likewise to the demands made upon property owners. In the Tenement Department, however, the 180 inspectors all write as one man. Each receives a volume containing blank forms for nearly 500 violations. If he finds that the windows in a certain tenement are not readily opened, he has, all prepared, the precise notification to the derelict owner. If an airshaft needs whitewashing, the form of the needed warning is ready to his hand. All his comings and goings, as well as all the work of the Tenement Department, are recorded on the card-catalogue plan. Thus the closest supervision is kept over employees. Their personal history and characteristics are recorded on a white card. On a blue pasteboard are detailed all their lapses from discipline; on a yellow card their assignments; on a salmon card an accurate history of their attendance, tardiness, and so on; on a chocolate card a detailed notation of all their mistakes. A strict account of their wearing apparel, of their tools, of even their brass buttons, is duly kept on file.

In addition, a vast amount of invaluable sociological data is piling up in the Bureau of Records. Here a detailed history of every tenement house can be readily found. By an ingenious color scheme its character is instantly ascertained. If it is constantly neglected, its card is ornamented with a flaming red tag. And not only is the card system used for records, but for administrative work. The Department is organized in several bureaus, with the executive force at the head. All employees receive their assignments by card, and make their reports in the same way. If they are investigating fire escapes, they are given a list of questions. This is known as the "F" card. If they are looking into bakeries, a large number of printed questions is furnished on the "B. F." card. If cellars are under investigation, they make all returns on the "B" card. Nothing is left to the inspector except making observations. Every possible question he might ask is thought out for him and furnished in printed form. Every conceivable situation in which he might find himself has been provided for.

Whatever objections may be made to this system, it has at least worked admirably in the Tenement Department. Its advantages are obvious. It economizes time and saves the duplication of work. It fixes responsibility more effectually than methods of administration prevailing elsewhere. The Commissioner is frequently importuned to ignore the rules, but is able to escape by pointing out that the law leaves him absolutely without discretion. Likewise, in the case of the inspectors, it tends to eliminate corruption. In this elaborate card system the inspector's work is constantly checked, and his slightest lapses at once discovered. Several inspectors in Mr. De Forest's time went astray, and were dismissed on the basis of the evidence furnished by the card catalogue. Unquestionably, the Tenement Department is an effective administrative machine, and many of its features might with profit be applied elsewhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SURVIVAL OF THE MASK IN NAPLES.

NAPLES, May 5, 1904.

Of all the survivals in southern Europe of ancient and mediæval life none is more seductive or less well known to the foreign passer-by than the flourishing and hodiernal continuance of the mask in comedy at Naples. This province has played a highly important part in Italian dramatic history. The Atellan farces spring from a part of Campania only a score of miles remote from Naples. And, indeed, many who have enquired into the derivation of the mask to which I refer—namely, that of Pulcinella—believe that this Neapolitan tutelary of buffoonery can be traced back in a direct line to pre-Plautan days, when country festivals drew out the mimic eloquence of some comic rustic, who, mounted on an inverted wine keg, would harangue a gawky knot of tavern loafers with strings of Oscan doggerel, tagged with sallies too broad even for Carnival merriment nowadays. However, neat conceits like these are vague fancyings, too remote from sober fact to give them solid support in the face of an absolute lack of direct evidence.

Time was when Pulcinella was favored in circles of lofty rank. Naples has ever had an inordinate passion for the drama. The late sixteenth-century entertainments, on a scale so lavish as to recall the Saturnalian routs of Roman days, whetted the grandees to continually greater efforts; and the gorgeously costumed dandies who recited elegant translations of Plautus and Terence led to the manufacture of plays of spicy intrigue, which in their turn were pettishly tossed aside when captivating Pulcinella leaped upon the boards, winning all hearts alike of noble and bourgeois and lazzarone by the novelty of his broadly colloquial, wholly unstilted phrases epitomizing the mob. In those days of exaggerated lust for displays of all sorts, the people, jaded by pageantry of dramatic spectacles well-nigh Oriental in splendor, went wild over the scintillant Pulcinellesque farces which wittily though inelegantly portrayed the every-day life of the vulgar. In this connection one can cite almost as a typical example the Count of Monterey, viceroy at Naples, an enthusiast of whom it is related, in Von Reumont's account of the Carafas of Maddaloni, that at the Christmas of 1632 he stayed at a play till the last possible minute before he had to rush to communion. He it was who used to pleasure up and down in a felucca from Mergellina to Posilipo, actually taking with him a Pulcinella famous in those days; and, upon the occasion of his joining the campaign in Portugal against the Duke of Braganza, King John IV., he is reputed to have deprived his soldiers of their pay in order to pay his actors!

What is it in the character of Pulcinella that, when it is well played, elicits to-day an enthusiastic applause as it did two hundred years ago? What commingling of traits does he exhibit which can sustain popular interest over so long a period? In short, what makes him so immortal a character—for immortal he is, even though fallen from his once high fortune to the not inglorious estate of being the idol of the bourgeois and of the *popolo basso?* Surely it cannot be enough to entrance an audience merely to see a mummer in a black mask, a white felt hat peaked like an attenuated sugar loaf, baggy white trousers, and a flowing smock loosely girded in. To any one who has the patience to read over a sheaf of Pulcinellesque plays and farces which so often are mere skin and bones, no less certain is it that the text (usually mumbled out from the prompter's box in tones that jar upon the sensitive ear) by no means makes the play. Every little provincial town of Campania—almost every hamlet, I was about to say—has its Ciccio or Peppino or Torillo who, though he may not be able to read, much less to write, can render Pulcinella's part with surprising verve and originality.

To get at the answer to our question wherein consists Pulcinella's eternal charm, one need not fritter away his time on investigation into his genesis. It is idle to toss back and forth untenable theories, such, for example, as that which asserts that a buffoon, one Paolo Cinelli, deformed by a large port-wine-colored birth-stain, and distinguished by a remarkably hooked nose, masked the upper half of his face to conceal the disfigurement; or that delightfully vague derivation of the type from the Latin *pullicanus*, owing to Pulcinella's fowl's beak and the cackle of his call. According to Prof. B. Croce's authoritative opinion, the overwhelming weight of evidence makes for Pulcinella's having originated early in the seventeenth century in the fertile brain of the valiant comedian Silvio Fiorillo, better known as "Il Capitan Matamoros." From that day to this, though represented by scores of actors, "Policinella de Gamaro de Tamaro Coccumato de Napole, nasciuto a Ponteselece, figlio de Marco Sfila e de Madama Sbignapriesto" (to give his full name, the recorded spellings of which are legion as well as those of his additional appellative of Cetrulo) has shown pretty much the same nature. He elastically impersonates characters as diverse and slightly related as a necromancer, *podestà*, feigned statue, jouster, captain, feigned physician, gamester, jealous woman (in which connection is found the odd diminutive Pulecenellessa), painter, dupe, lover, and ever so many beside in as many different comedies, scores of which I have had occasion to run over in the large collections at Naples. Always duped and forever frustrated in love is the luckless wight whose vices never seem to lose him the complete sympathy of the audience, which may laugh at him when he is in trouble, but which is ready enough to laugh with him when occasion serves him and he routs his enemies.

For a figure to adopt such a variety of rôles shows a mobility of makeup which hints at the ample lines upon which it was created. He is a composite individual—that is to say, one Neapolitan type after another rolled and welded together. He is altogether the most paradoxical bundle of contradictions imaginable, far more so than, for instance, the quaintly humorous and wholly charming Stenterello of Florence, whose amiable harelip and stiff queue one sees so seldom any more, or the waggish Pantalone of Venice. Pulcinella's usual applauders see in him a kaleidoscopic likeness of themselves. He is never quite the same two minutes in succession. With whirling rapidity he changes from one situation to another, so that one's mental and physical vision becomes dazzled. Instantaneously you like, loathe, contemn, admire, despise again. But on the whole he forces your sympathies to jump with him. He is a compound of coarseness and good nature, ignorance and cunning, cowardice and chivalry, stupidity and shrewdness. He is a schemer, a gossip, not to say slanderer, egoist, boor—what you will. But, despite these traits, he has at bottom a kindly heart, and usually gets the better of the rascal in the play even though some one else may get the better of him, Pulcinella. He is forever falling into love and out; always on the verge of success in his amatory ventures, at the critical moment the cup is dashed from his lips. So true is this that there is an Italian proverb apposite to unhappy endings: "Come le nozze di Pulcinella, finiscono sempre in bastonate." Like his diminutive English descendant Punch, he is never far from a severe trouncing. But upon these, as upon all other occasions, even when in the midst of some stupid scrape, he never loses his ability to utter characteristic observations, pithy, spirited, and to the point. He is absolutely never at a loss for a ready retort. Even if he waits an instant in comic bewilderment before speaking with his black beak tilted in the air, and his pointed hat tweaked well forward, the effect thereby is only heightened; and then one expects a more dashing sally than ever. His unpuritanic language finds ample compensation in the longheaded apothegms in which he indulges.

Considerations of space forbid a category of classic Pulcinelli. More than fifty years ago there played at the very tiny but favorite San Carlino theatre at Naples one Petitot, who, with his family, created a tradition still fondly cherished by the older generation of bourgeois. San Carlino is now no more; but one of its products, Giuseppe De Martino, still nightly plays Pulcinella before enraptured audiences. However, De Martino is not the sole notable Pulcinella of Naples. There are a dozen resorts wherein Pulcinella figures. Indeed, a highly interesting account of the *teatrini* of Naples and the environs might be written; but as Pulcinella does not appear in all of them, they do not fall within the limits of this letter. However, it is worth noting that a *teatrino* which is falling behind in its box-office receipts often plays a winning card by importing for a night, or even for an engagement, an irresistible Pulcinella. I call to mind a relevant instance that came under my notice only a day or so ago, in the town of Pozzuoli, a compact little suburb of Naples. A circus with a pair of trick ponies has been quartered here nearly all winter. As the limited amusement it could offer began to pall, the so-called director found it expedient, at least once a week, to send a brass band (composed of four husky-throated horns and a huge bass drum) parading about town with elaborately bepostered sandwichmen heralding a stupendous Pulcinella for the evening.

The mask, then, practically extinct out of Naples, save for fluttering revivals at carnival time or on other rare occasions, would seem to survive only in the personage of Pulcinella, who yet holds his magnetic sway over Campanian audiences. That Pulcinella's greatest living representative is an actor of much ability is curiously proved by the fact that last year, during a sojourn in Naples of several weeks, the elder Salvini went nightly to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teatro Nuovo to applaud De Martino, at a season when the other theatres offered excellent plays both in Italian and in dialect. Let us hope that some worthy successor to the genial De Martino may come forward to continue the time-honored tradition of Pulcinella.

THOMAS D. BERGEN.

A THEBAN ROCK TOMB.

CAIRO, April 26, 1904.

Mr. Robert Mond, M.A., of England, who has excavated more than forty tombs in the Theban district, has recently opened several to which the public was first admitted on March 26. One of these is of special incial interest to the traveller and general student, although the Egyptologist may find little in it that is absolutely new. In the style and character of its decorations it resembles the smaller and exquisite tomb of Nakht near by, and, like the latter, probably dates from the eighteenth dynasty, or the time of the enterprising Queen Makere, the explorer of Punt and builder of the terraced temple under the cliffs of Dêr el-bahri. If so, it is 3,000 years old.

The most interesting paintings in the vestibule of this new tomb are on the northeast wall to the left of the entrance. Beside the door, in the size of life, sit the deceased and his wife, before whom slaves and retainers have piled a rich funeral feast, the products of the fields and of the chase. From these proceed four partly double bands of figures, representing in panoramic succession that life and labor in the fields which contributed to the support of the deceased during life, supplying him with bread and meat and wine, and which, by the aid of prayer and magic, must continue to spread a banquet for both him and his guardian Ka, or double, after death. He sits on a folding stool, over which is thrown a leopard's skin, and is clad and girt in white. His right hand holds a fillet, his left a wooden wand, the emblem of sovereignty. The black ringlets of a dense wig fall loosely over his shoulders, while a brilliant necklace, in several concentric bands over the breast, is set off by the clear coffee color of his skin. The offerings embrace clusters of lotus lilies, a pigeon's nest with eggs, and still another nest full of naked but very lively squabs, the significance of which will be presently seen. There are, besides, plates of bread and cakes, bowls of grapes, and bottles of wine.

These bands of figures illustrate in exquisite detail the continuous life of the fields from seedtime to harvest during the dry season, the sources of the offerings made to the dead, and their production by nature and art, which is often expressed in many stages, and involves the help of many hands. Low down on the wall men are ploughing, each with a yoke of oxen, and each holds the familiar wooden plough, consisting of a bent narrow foot and two upright forks fastened to a long pole. Beside them walk the sowers, who carry the grain in bailed wooden pails of graceful design. Then come a squad of men tilling —or possibly covering seed—making use of a short-handled hoe or pick resembling a pair of partly opened dividers with cross-bar, such as one sees in the hands of the Pharaoh on the walls of the temple at Edfu. Others are busy shelling the seeds of a plant by drawing it in bundles through the teeth of a comb, which is tilted on a wooden support. Here, again, a man has hurt his foot, while another is applying a bandage.

Passing a large figure, doubtless the superintendent of the fields, we notice a small peak-roof house, painted yellow, and finished neatly at angles and gable, possibly for the use of that official, and beside it a small, open shed. Between these diminutive structures rises a remarkable tree, in which are shown, in different although in superimposed planes, the foliage, the trunk with its system of branches, and a vine bearing large clusters of purple grapes. In the branches, moreover, we behold birds' nests containing eggs, while high up on the left is a larger nest, with four young birds nearly full fledged. This last is a spirited drawing, and shows the young at the critical moment of being fed. The parent, a wild pigeon, is represented in full flight, bearing food, while the young, with necks upstretched, mouths agape, and wings a-quiver, are calling eagerly. The conventional type of nest has been retained, and the eggs, two to three in number, are shown resting upon it, as upon a saucer. Three other birds and five other nests appear in this or in adjoining trees. Since pigeons lay but two eggs, the artist has overstepped the bounds of ornithological accuracy, but the picture is one of remarkable interest, especially to naturalists, and is the oldest carefully elaborated drawing of the home-life of wild birds which has come down to us, and probably the best to be seen on the Egyptian monuments. The conventional form of the birds' nest (a crescentic figure with rounded horns), which had been in use for nearly fifteen hundred years (as in the mastaba of Ti at Sakkara), is retained, but cross-hatching is added, while the drawing of both young and adult birds is taken directly from nature. This picture is thus seen to be the work of a man competent to observe and skilful with the brush, but without the motives of scientific accuracy, and hampered by those curious conventions of art which the Egyptians were never able to shake off. They were good observers of nature, but only in a casual way, and could not be depended on. Natural science seems not to have been truly born before the time of Aristotle.

The upper and middle bands of figures take us at once to the wheat fields, where we encounter slaves measuring the plots of waving grain with cords, on which the units are marked with disks or rings, and scribes with wooden tablets under arm or in hand ready to register the amounts told off. The common device of expressing the higher rank by the greater size of figure is here very marked, and slaves are further distinguished by yellow, possibly shaven, heads. Other slaves carry the writing tablets of the scribes, or are bearing food and drink to the workmen in the fields. One of these, a girl, might have just walked in from the Theban plain, but for the white apron held in place by a white band which passes over her right shoulder; in one hand she holds a dish of food, and with the other steadies a full basket borne on the head. Another slave, stretched on the ground, is being brutally flogged by a man armed with a stout stick, while a poor woman kneels beside him and with uplifted hands begs for mercy.

In the second band a number of priests, in white, short-sleeved shirts and aprons, and each with a large key of life around his neck, are presenting offerings to the deceased, while close by a slave has drawn up his master's two-wheeled carriage and spotted pair. Entering again the standing grain, we see the reapers bending to their tasks, as with short, sharp-curved sickles they cut the stalks midway to the ground. Others are carrying the wheat in great purse-shaped baskets, made of cord netted in coarse hammock-stitch, and suspended from their shoulders by means of long poles. We come then to the threshing-floor, where four patient oxen are treading out the grain, and where men standing on the piles of wheat, with three-tined, modern-looking forks, are handing it down to the cattle. Beyond are still others in white caps and aprons, and each with the winnowing fan in hand is tossing the grain to the breeze. Next to these are a number of slaves filling the measuring buckets—cylinders, probably of wood, with the circular ribs or divisions plainly marked on the outside. Clerks are busy taking down the numbers, while four additional scribes, kneeling on the ground, each with a sheet of paper, brush, and wooden palette in hand, check the results. Farther away a workman is drinking from a jug, which a girl has just handed to him, and in another place two men are chatting in the shade of a tamarisk tree, on which hangs a goatskin for water or wine.

As we enter the tomb-chamber, we are drawn at once to a pretty scene, what indeed looks like a festal procession of comely maids, who, clad in white, with long hair falling to their shoulders, are bearing in their hands jars of water and beautiful clusters of drooping lotus. The coloring on both walls is very rich and in perfect preservation. On the middle of the right wall is a remarkable representation of one of the oldest and most conventional pictures found in Egyptian tombs—the hunting scene in the marshes, supposed to represent one of the pastimes of the deceased, or, rather, to provide this sport as well as the food which it brings for the dead man and his Ka. In two small boats, on the right and left, stand the hunters, in colossal proportions, while the water all around swarms with wild ducks, some of which are pecking at the lotus blossoms, with fish of many kinds, besides a conspicuous crocodile. Between the boats the water seems to mount up in a fountain, carrying with it a miraculous draught of fishes, while over all rises a papyrus thicket, on which climb the mongoose and a diminutive jackal(?). Many birds nest in the reeds and fly excitedly over them, being struck in all directions by the curved bird sticks, one of which the hunter in the boat on the left is about to hurl, while he to the right has pierced two splendid fish with the barbed prong of his spear. This curious picture is readily interpreted with a very elementary knowledge of Egyptian mural designs, and the older tombs illustrate the gradual evolution of the motives involved.

The mastaba of Ti at Sakkara, dating from the fifth dynasty, has the largest and most celebrated of these hunting scenes. Ti is here being rowed through a papyrus thicket of gigantic proportions, on the flowers of which, four feet above his head, sit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

birds of many kinds on their conventional saucer-shaped nests, while here and there a mongoose is climbing up a stem. Fish, hippopotami, and alligators are being slaughtered in the water below.

Between this simpler design and the more elaborate painting at Thebes, we find various transitional stages in certain tombs at Assuan and Sakkara, both of the sixth dynasty, and in one of the Benihasan tombs, which dates from the Middle Empire. What the artist intended to show was a pool, filled with fish, and *enclosed* on three sides by rushes, in which birds were nesting, and over the tops of which many were taking flight. The various elements are represented in different registers, and must be read beginning with the plane nearest the observer—that is nearest the floor of the chamber. The hunting scene, as finally developed in Egyptian art, is one of the most striking illustrations of the absurdity to which both convention and ignorance of the laws of perspective could lead an artist who had the ability to draw animals and plants almost to perfection.

On the opposite wall are men bearing beds, chairs, and other articles which the deceased is likely to need, while on the left the gods are inspecting and weighing his heart.

Some of the friezes in this tomb are in excellent taste, and could advantageously replace many of the better designs seen in modern wall papers. It is a strange fate to find the sands of the African desert concealing from view works of decorative art from three thousand to four thousand years old, but in some respects more beautiful than much of the ornament to be seen in the better houses of the twentieth century.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

Correspondence.

MILTON AND SHAKSPERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the guarded acknowledgment paid to Shakspere by Milton, "L'Allegro," 134, it may be worth one's while to note the similarity, scarcely accidental, between

> "High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."
> (Par. Lost, ii, 1-4).

and

> "Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
> At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
> Bows not his vassal head . . . ."
> (L. L. L., iv, 3, 221-224).

Again:

> 'The *star* that bids the shepherd fold,
> Now the top of heaven doth hold"
> (Comus, 93-94)

is interpreted, by all editors known to me, to signify the "evening star," *i. e.*, Venus. To this interpretation there are two objections: first, Venus appears too seldom to be of use as a pastoral *horloge;* second, by no stretch of imagination can Venus be described as in "the top of heaven." I am indebted to one of my students for the information that there is a *fixed star*, of the first or second magnitude, which becomes visible near the zenith soon after sunset, and which is used by shepherds for marking the folding time. Can any of your readers supply the name of this star? A further question naturally suggests itself in connection with "Measure for Measure," iv., 2, 218: "Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd." Can this be Venus as the morning star? If Venus is too infrequent to be relied upon for "folding," she is no less infrequent for "unfolding." J. M. HART.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, June 27, 1904.

Notes.

'Traffics and Discoveries,' a new volume of short stories by Rudyard Kipling, will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn.

The late Laurence Hutton was, at the time of his death, engaged upon the proofs of his 'Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities,' which Messrs. Putnam will publish in the autumn, along with a new illustrated series of "French Classics for English Readers," edited by Prof. Adolphe Cohn and Dr. Curtis Hidden Page. The authors first in line are Rabelais, Montaigne, Beaumarchais, George Sand (one volume each), and Molière (two volumes).

The University of Chicago Press has in preparation President Harper's sequel to his brother's text 'Code of Hammurabi,' being a comparison of that code with the more important laws and usages of the Hebrew codes.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, will make a limited edition, in the fall, of 'Upland Pastures,' out-door essays by Adeline Knapp.

The Anthropological and Geographical Society of Stockholm, of which Andrée was a member, has decided to publish, at its own expense, a biography of the lost aeronaut. The book will, in addition, contain the unpublished works of Andrée, and a description of the balloon in which he and his companions set out on their last journey.

The chief purpose of the eighty-page book on 'Koreans at Home' (Cassell & Co.), by Constance J. D. Tayler, besides giving "the impressions of a Scotswoman," seems to be to float the five plates in color and the score or more of the author's original drawings or reproductions of photographs taken by her. The priming for the text is from Dallet and from 'Corea, the Hermit Nation,' and, except a few experiences in the region of the old and the new capitals and a visit to Ping Yang, the Scots lady saw little of the country or its unbeaten tracks. Both the color plates and the drawings are spirited and very suggestive. Under this artist's pencil the native noses and mouths take on more character and variety than those in any pictures from Korean life that we know of. Of the language of hats, of the ways of the ginseng cultivators, of popular superstitions and customs, the author chats pleasantly. One of her not unalloyed pleasures was an introduction to the "Emperor," followed by a dinner in the palace. She saw few attractive faces among the women.

We have before us two volumes relating to Venice, each belonging to a series of illustrated monographs which have been already noticed in these pages. One is No. 8 of the series "Italia Artistica," 'Le Isole della Laguna Veneta,' by P. Molmenti and D. Mantovani (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche). The authors are both Venetians born, knowing and loving every nook and corner of the island city and the Lagoon, ardent students of Venetian art, Venetian history, Venetian life, and well known in the world of letters. To have them as ciceroni for that enchanting region which extends from Chioggia in the south to Torcello in the north, is an inestimable privilege. They are not mere guides; they are at home and do the honors of the house for you, chatting about the family patrimony past and present in a way that gives you cheering sense of first-hand information. The volume, like others of the series, is exceedingly well illustrated (though we could wish that it had also a map of the Lagoon), and may be recommended as a companion to the traveller who is not in a hurry.

The second work, 'Venice,' by Gustav Pauli, translated by P. G. Konody, is No. 2 of the series of "Famous Art Cities" (London: H. Grevel & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). As this is of the nature of an art guide, it has nothing to do with any Venetians later than Tiepolo and Canaletto, but is a good book in its way and well worth reading. After a brief summary of the history of Venice, it devotes itself to a description of the architecture, sculpture and painting of the city. Save for one or two slips (as where I Gesuati is mentioned as a church of the type of the Madonna dei Miracoli and San Michele di Murano), these three divisions are done with clearness, correctness, and judgment; less Delphic and more persuasive than art criticism is wont to be. It is matter for regret that the translation, which sometimes flows easily enough, is generally rather wooden; that the English is only too frequently "aftur the scole of Stratford atte Bowe"; and that the crop of misprints is an unusually rich one. The illustrations are generally excellent, and there is a good index.

Americans who have had commercial or intellectual dealings with Leipzig—the number is not small—will be pleased to have their attention called to 'Leipzig im Jahre 1904,' a stately volume published in connection with the city's exhibit at St. Louis. The publisher is J. J. Weber (*Illustrirte Zeitung*). Paper, type, and press-work are sumptuous; the illustrations, some in color, are numerous, and are intended chiefly to give one an idea of the city as it is now and of its representation at St. Louis. In music the busts of Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, are, of course, significant of Leipzig as a musical centre; the view of the interior of the Gewandhaus is very attractive. The same may be said of the Alte Börse, the New Theatre, Conservatory, and University. Less impressive is the new Rathhaus; the (projected) Battle Monument is ugly, expressive of the least pleasant side of German art. Altogether, the volume is an honor to the city.

The official 'Deutscher Universitätskalender' has made its appearance in its sixty-fifth semi-annual edition intended for the present summer semester, and with the name of a new editor on the title-page. The founder and long-time editor, Prof. Dr. F. Ascherson, died some months ago, and his work is continued by Dr. Scheffer of Leipzig, connected with the publishing firm of G. Th. Scheffer. The Kalender is still published with the financial and official assistance of the University authorities, and is without a rival.

CARNEGIE BRANCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The April-June number of the *American Journal of Archæology* (Macmillan) is, for the body of it, wholly given up to a lucid and highly interesting account (on behalf of the American School at Athens) of the study of Œniadæ in Acarnania, by Benjamin Powell and Joshua M. Sears, jr., with numerous illustrations, particularly of gateways, some true-arched. Mr. James M. Paton supplies the bibliography of archæological books for 1903.

Part 4 of volume iv. of Mr. Edward W. James's *Lower Norfolk County (Virginia) Antiquary*, among other soundly selected matter, continues its census lists of local slaveowners, one being as late as 1840 (Princess Anne Co.), and containing this footnote: "The wife owned the husband. It was not an uncommon thing in the Southern States for enterprising negro women to own their husbands." The editor adduces a case at the outbreak of the civil war, when an industrious huckstress in the Norfolk market not only owned her husband, but had in him an ardent secession sympathizer, imprudently maintaining this allegiance after Federal occupation of the city. "No slave trader was ever more fully convinced that the negroes were made for slavery." One wonders which of the pair repined at emancipation dissolving one of the ties of matrimony.

France adopted the Code Civil in 1804, and its centenary has been observed by the Société d'Economie Sociale, the proceedings being reported in the *Réforme Sociale* of June 1. All the speakers regarded any reconstruction of the Code as impracticable, but they specified certain reforms as not hopeless. The technicalities of the civil-marriage law were shown to promote illicit unions, and to prevent marriage altogether in some cases. The law of personal property needs revision, on account of the growth of that form of wealth. When the Code was adopted, real estate was of so much more importance as to cause personalty to be treated as insignificant. But the chief subject of criticism, as might have been expected, was the system of petty entails, which has torn to pieces so many homesteads. The hostility to everything called "feudal" was so bitter at the Revolution as to destroy the right of testamentary disposition. Under the influence of the dogma of equality, the framers of the Code went to the length of authorizing every co-heir to demand his share of the estate in kind. Where an exact division is not practicable, the property must be sold; and this is necessary in cases of infancy. But the taxes on sales are confiscatory when the properties are small, and the system is disastrous in its consequences. Nothing shows the political incapacity of the French people so strongly as the fact that they have endured this abuse for a hundred years, although the number of small proprietors is so great as to enable them to obtain, one would suppose, any reform which they united in demanding.

Of the "Cornell Studies in Philosophy" (The Macmillan Co.) five numbers have already appeared, the latest being on Maine de Biran's 'Philosophy of Will.' Those which are most likely to be of interest to the somewhat general reader are the one on "Nietzsche's Philosophy," by Miss Dolson, and that on the ethical aspect of Lotze's metaphysics, by Vida F. Moore. All are theses accepted for the doctor's degree, or more prolonged studies carried on by graduate students of the Sage School of Philosophy.

Mankind, in its present estate, finds it more admirable that Japan should outmatch Russia in the art of destruction than that her men of the closet and the laboratory should be joined on equal terms with Western science in the pursuit of truth. For our part, it gave us a peculiar pleasure, in reading Mr. Samuel Garman's monograph on the Chimæroids (Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, vol. xli., number 2), to come upon a reference to the first mention of the species *Rhinochimæra pacifica* by Prof. K. Mitsukuri in the Tokyo *Zoölogical Magazine*. This savant's description awaited to be checked by an examination of a specimen of the fish purchased in Tokyo by Dr. Alexander Agassiz, and thoroughly presented, with figures, in the publication named above. We cannot enter into particulars here. Mr. Garman is high authority for saying that few marine animals, "on account of structure and relationships to other forms living and extinct, have as great interest for zoologists and palæontologists as the Chimæroids."

The floods of the Mississippi and Missouri in the spring of 1903 are well described and illustrated by H. C. Frankenfield, in Bulletin M of the Weather Bureau. The flood of the Mississippi rose so nearly to the crown of the levees near Greenville that the river boats were required to run at reduced speed, so that the waves from their paddlewheels should not begin a dangerous overflow. Even after this precaution, Greenville was invaded by backwater spreading up the valley from a crevasse in the levee some miles to the south. The successful prediction of the flood by the Weather Bureau was truly remarkable. On March 9 it was announced that the flood, already within 1.4 feet of the highest water ever recorded, would continue to rise for three or four weeks, and that a stage of 21 feet at New Orleans should be prepared for. As a matter of fact, a stage of 20.4 feet was reached at New Orleans on April 6 and 7. Many of the full-page plates are of exceptional interest; notable among them are those of the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge at Kansas City, loaded with locomotives, and the only one of seventeen bridges that was not carried away; a levee restraining the high flood waters from the lower plain; the rush of the waters through the Holly Bush crevasse. A remarkable instance of foresight is presented. The Fort Jackson and Grand Isle Railway follows the right bank of the Mississippi for a stretch below New Orleans, and a train loaded with repair materials was kept in the yard at one of the stations ready for prompt dispatch. A break occurred in the levee at Magnolia, thirty-six miles below New Orleans, on April 5, and the water was soon 60 feet deep where the levee had stood. The train was at once sent to the spot, and, after ten hours' of hard labor, the break was closed. "A further delay of one hour would have precluded any hope of closing this crevasse," according to one of the State engineers, and then some of the finest sugar plantations in Louisiana would have been flooded.

Among the many topographical maps issued by the United States Geological Survey, mention should be made of the Chief Mountain quadrangle, which shows the main range of the Rockies in Montana next south of the international boundary. The district is one of remarkable scenic interest, inasmuch as the mountain forms are unusually bold, and as a number of moderate-sized glaciers are to be found among them; it is, moreover, of special physiographic interest in possessing a large number of cirques and hanging valleys, which the topographers, Messrs. F. E. Matthes and R. H. Sargent, have portrayed with great skill, and which must be taken as among the best examples of glacial erosion recorded in this country. The contrast between the bulky forms of these mountains, as carved by clumsy, thick-bodied, slow-moving ice streams, and the delicate ravining of such ranges as those of southern California, where slender, nimble water-streams alone have worked, is most instructive.

At a largely attended meeting of teachers in London the other day, Mr. Mosely said that "the broad-minded way in which American engineers in South Africa tackled the propositions brought before them was what first excited his interest in the system of education in the United States." He believed that it was the fourth "R" which was at the bottom of education in this country. "Children were taught not only how to read, but how to reason." This was the spirit which permeated the whole nation and largely helped to build up its commercial success. Professor Armstrong deprecated the tendency here to make our manual-training schools into trade schools—"a magnificent metal workshop here and a magnificent wood workshop there." What would be more useful was a training for a variety of occupations with reference to local requirements.

France is beginning to imitate the German academic innovation of "Vacation Lectures," the purpose of which is to keep professional and educated men and women in general in touch with the latest investigations of scientific workers. The University of Dijon is the first in France to announce such lectures, to cover four whole months, from July 1 to October 31. The theoretical and practical lectures and courses cover virtually all branches of university instruction. The prices are thirty francs for a six weeks' course, and ten francs for every additional two weeks.

In Finland, coeducational secondary schools have taken deeper root and have been tried longer than in any other country in Europe. Accordingly, a carefully prepared article in the *Bien Public*, by Miss Hanna Andersin, herself a prominent teacher in a school of this kind in Helsingfors, possesses considerable interest. The writer declares that Finland is more than satisfied with the twenty-one years of trial it has given to these schools, and would not think of making any changes. Since the establishment of the first in 1883, in Helsingfors, fully fifty other like schools have been founded, the majority with courses covering eight or nine years, and all leading up to entrance to the University. Miss Andersin declares that these schools are the outgrowth of necessity in Finland, where the sparsely settled population and financial reasons would admit of no other ar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rangement. Since then, necessity has become a virtue even in the larger villages. The writer declares that the coeducational system has had an excellent effect on both sexes, and that the girls have no more trouble in preparing for the University than the boys. The prejudices against the arrangement, which were originally strong, have practically disappeared altogether.

Swedish savants have effected the organization of an Archive Bureau in Stockholm which is managed by Dr. Rosman in connection with the Royal archives, and by G. Hedin, a recognized authority. Its purpose is very comprehensive—among other things, to furnish data from libraries and archives of all kinds, with historical and statistical résumés for scientific and practical purposes; to make genealogical, biographical, and heraldic researches, extracts from copies of old manuscripts, reproductions of charts, autographs, etc., etc. The association has already secured the coöperation of many of the ablest scholars in Sweden, and offers its help to the scholarship of the world. The cost is the subject of special agreement in each case.

The Swedish Government, in connection with Parliament, has undertaken a rather thorough revision of the course of studies in the secondary schools. The most notable feature of the new scheme is probably the substitution of German for French as the leading foreign modern language, the Parliamentary committee insisting upon the reform "because our relations with Germany are much more intimate and frequent than those with France."

—From the Clark University Press, Worcester, Mass., we have the first number of the *American Journal of Religious Psychology and Education*. There are to be three numbers a year, each containing about 100 pages, under the editorship of Dr. G. Stanlay Hall, President of the University. We must not, we are told, infer "that the opinions it contains represent that institution in any sense or degree, or that any of them are taught there." The first number is not well conceived, if it is meant to be conciliatory in its approach to the traditional religionists. The leading article, by the editor, has for its subject "The Jesus of History and the Passion *versus* the Jesus of the Resurrection," which is treated in a manner as much at variance with traditional opinion as with the optimistic rhetoric of the writer's forecast of the wonders that the psychological study of religion is to work. The article, though described by Dr. Hall as an "imperfect and sketchy conflation of psychological viewpoints," and though disfigured and obscured by a surplusage of technical expressions, is a very able and interesting study of the resurrection of Jesus and its various explanations. It exhibits at once a wide and yet imperfect acquaintance with New Testament criticism. The conclusion is, that "the resurrection cannot mean for us to-day the reversal of all the processes of physical death." What then? Ghost-seeing? No, but some purely subjective visionary appearance. Prof. Jean du Buy's "Stages of Religious Development" compares the leading ideas of five great religions, and, finding Mohammedanism to be the religion of childhood, Confucianism that of boyhood, and Christianity that of adolescence, advises the teaching of these religions respectively to children, boys, and youth and to races of corresponding development. We seem to have heard that a parent who tried this method found his son sticking fast in some provisional stage of the ideal development. There are twenty pages of book notices, of which the writings of Professor Leuba of Clark University have the lion's share. His, too, is the third of the three articles which exhaust the principal matter of this number—a discrimination of "Faith" from belief, and an attempt to fix its pyschological status.

—The *Atlantic* opens with a few pages from the journal of Emerson, recording with very little admixture of philosophic comment the incidents of a visit to Washington city early in 1862, whither he had been called to deliver a lecture before the Smithsonian Institution. It has been stated that the President and Cabinet heard his lecture, which contained an urgent plea for emancipation, but the editor, Edward W. Emerson, questions the accuracy of the statement, on the authority of Mr. Spofford, supported by both the President's secretaries and indirectly by the silence of the Washington newspapers. The third instalment of the Ruskin-Norton correspondence covers the period of the civil war. Ruskin's failure to get a proper point of view in respect to the war, together with his mental ill-adjustment in various other lines of thought, makes rather painful reading of these letters, in spite of their absorbing interest. John Burroughs contributes still another chapter to his endeavor to hold nature writers up to more scientific standards in their treatment of birds and animals. We should not find all our own complicated thoughts and emotions in these lower forms of life, but merely "a humbler manifestation of the same psychic power and intelligence that culminates and is conscious of itself in man." The true literary gift in this direction is that of Burns, for instance, whose mouse "at once strikes a sympathetic chord in us without ceasing to be a mouse." The approaching six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Petrarch suggests two articles, a sketch of his life, with some critical comment, by Henry D. Sedgwick, and a short paper on his Illustrators, by George Santayana. Herbert Spencer's Autobiography calls forth a discriminating essay by Prof. William James. We have not room here to outline his judgments upon the great philosopher, but we cannot resist the temptation to quote the closing words of the initial paragraph: "Greatness and smallness surely never lived so closely in one skin together."

—Thomas Nelson Page discusses the disfranchisement of the negro in the July *Scribner's*, exhibiting the common Southern tendency to discredit as doctrinaires those who disagree seriously with the Southern attitude. If the belief that an important political problem should be settled in harmony with the fundamental principles that shaped the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution stamps one as a doctrinaire, then there are a great many American citizens who will bear any reproach attaching to the term with entire equanimity. A little more of the doctrinaire's liking for logical consistency would have spared Mr. Page's argument the radical contradiction of maintaining at one point that the negroes should be treated as individuals, not as a class, while supporting vigorously at other points the recent changes in Southern constitutions, based squarely on class distinction along the line of color. One may readily agree with Mr. Page that the policy of the Reconstruction period proved disastrous to both races in its actual working. The fault, however, was not that of the "doctrinaires" who forced their ideas of liberty and political equality into the Reconstruction measures, but of the "practical politicians" who were allowed to warp those measures to personal and party ends. We grant Mr. Page's earnest desire to see the tangle straightened out, but the American people are not so constituted that a policy which demands for its success the silent sacrifice of principle on the part of a large portion of our citizens can permanently settle a Filipino problem, a negro problem, or any other problem which touches vitally the general interest. The "Field of Art" is devoted this month to a discussion of "criticism," by Harry W. Desmond, who pleads in the interest of art itself for a broad interpretation of the term, against the contention of Mr. Taft that it is "better business" to learn to appreciate an artist's sincere contribution than to point out features in which it may be considered defective.

—It is difficult to understand exactly what was proposed in 'Painters since Leonardo,' by William Pattison (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.), or exactly what were the qualifications of the author for his task. The subject is a vast one, yet no general view of it is given. The arrangement is chronological, without regard to school or country—perhaps the worst and most confusing of possible arrangements; yet in the final chapter, on "Schools," the confusion is worse confounded when one finds Giorgione figuring in the "Early Florentine School" and Luini in the Venetian. The choice of painters for mention is sometimes inexplicable, as when, *e. g.*, Berghem, Wouvermans, and Netscher each have a paragraph, while the index does not contain the names of De Hooge or Ver Meer of Delft. It would appear from certain allusions that the author has been a practical student of painting, but he seldom gives us anything but the utter commonplaces of criticism, while he is conspicuously lacking in the virtues of the mere compiler, the lists of "principal works" being always inadequate and often wrong, as when, under Leonardo, "La Gioconda" and "Mona Lisa" are entered as separate pictures, and "La Belle Ferronnière" is given to the National Gallery. The illustrations are chosen apparently for their appeal to the popular taste, and are very carelessly catalogued, the full title or present place of the picture being seldom indicated. One of Tintoret's pictures in the Anticollegio of the Doge's palace—the only Tintoret reproduced in the volume—figures as "The Creation of Eve" by Michelangelo! Finally, Andrea del Sarto is indexed under neither A nor S, but under D, as similarly are Melozzo da Forlì and Antonello da Messina, in each case without cross-references. In fine, there are few faults which the book does not possess and fewer merits which it does.

—Mr. Mortimer Menpes begins his book on 'Whistler as I Knew Him' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Mac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

millan) with the statement that "the cry of Whistler's life was 'Save me from my friends!'" and it is evidently his intention to do some of the saving. He believes that these friends are harming Whistler's reputation now by foolish exaggerations, as in his lifetime they harmed his work by foolish adulation; and, as one of the friends who was made an enemy by the 'Gentle Art,' he is an expert on the subject. The picture he gives of his own relations with Whistler is extraordinary, and if "the Master" was really surrounded by such abject and grovelling adoration, it is a wonder he did not become entirely insane with megalomania. Mr. Menpes still professes great admiration for Whistler the artist and great love for Whistler the man, yet it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that there is a point of malice in his description; or is it only the little exaggeration that comes of the desire to be amusing and to tell a good story at any cost? Amusing the book certainly is, but its tendency is only to deepen the impression that the truest saying about Whistler is that attributed to Degas (whose name, by the way, Mr. Menpes persistently spells Digars). That artist, whose disposition is as retiring as his talent is great, is said to have remonstrated with Whistler in words to this effect: "My dear fellow, you act like a chap that couldn't paint." That there was a better side to Whistler's character than that of the self-advertising egotist here depicted is most probable, but we must wait for its revelation. There are in the book some reports of Whistler's opinions and of his methods of work which possess a more serious interest, but most interesting of all are the many reproductions, in black and white and in colors, of his work in several materials. These are unusually well executed, are, for the most part, of unhackneyed subjects, and give as good an idea of the merits, the limitations, and the weaknesses of the artist as could well be conveyed in reproduction, though the avoidance of the best-known works renders the selection a trifle unjust and makes his achievement seem slighter, if no less charming, than it really was. It is these illustrations that will give the volume a permanent value for those unable to acquire original works by Whistler.

—Neither men nor angels can make the annals of the House of Hanover as interesting to the public as those of the House of Stuart. We refer here to the biography of individual princes rather than to the development of Great Britain under the one dynasty or the other. But while Mr. Lang and a host of others continue to pour forth volumes on the Stuarts, Mr. W. H. Wilkins has taken it for his mission as an historian to prove that romance exists, if it does not flourish, among the archives of the Hanoverian line. By a series of works entitled 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen,' 'Caroline the Illustrious,' and 'A Queen of Tears,' he has constituted himself a volunteer Historiographer Royal. These studies extend from the days when George I. was Elector of Hanover to the period of George III., and are so arranged that the one leads up to the other—the three covering four generations. We say nothing about 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen,' which we have already noticed. The title 'Caroline the Illustrious' (Longmans) refers to Caroline of Anspach, Queen Consort of George II., and an able, upright woman, who lived without reproach in a society brutalized by coarse corruption. Mr. Wilkins's life of this princess is most exhaustive, and has reached a new edition wherein the original two volumes are published in one. Unfortunately the early Hanoverians were very plain-visaged people, who had no brilliant artists to idealize them. Moreover, the existing portraits are not well reproduced in Mr. Wilkins's books. Thus, 'Caroline the Illustrious' lacks the attractiveness supplied to many modern biographies by the illustrations. For the rest it is a long and somewhat over-appreciative account of a capable princess.

—A 'Queen of Tears' (Longmans) is the biography in two volumes of Caroline Matilda, posthumous daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, youngest sister of George III., and wife of Christian VII. of Denmark. In her case the elements of romance and tragedy are undeniably strong. Married at fifteen to a base and incapable profligate, she soon found herself entangled in a liaison with his physician, aided her lover to become all-powerful at court, provoked national hostility, and was eventually sent off to Celle in Hanover, where she died at the age of twenty-four. An emotional nature and freedom from restraint were the chief causes of her undoing, but the interest of her career centres in the political consequences of her relations with her lover, Struensee. This man was a German physician who had been engaged by Christian VII. as a professional attendant. He was possessed of great ambition and a certain amount of talent, but showed profound ignorance of human nature as represented by the Danish Church and aristocracy. Owing to the King's incapacity and the Queen's affection, Struensee had every opportunity to make his influence felt in the conduct of public affairs. As he was a foreigner of no social standing, elementary prudence should have shown him the necessity of keeping in the background, but, afflicted by incredible want of tact, he embarked on a course of radical legislation while at the same time permitting himself to assume the air of a dictator. After a brief period of triumph, in 1771, Struensee incensed the official classes of Denmark to such an extent that a coalition of overwhelming strength was formed against him. Having no party of personal adherents, and rendered vulnerable by the nature of his relations with the Queen, he fell the easy victim of a palace plot. It was of little avail that many of his administrative changes had been in the truest sense reforms. The result of his political aspirations, quite as much as of his intrigue with the Queen, was his trial and execution. Matilda was at once divorced and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. At this stage George III. interfered on his sister's behalf, and threatened war if the King of Denmark undertook to carry out the decree regarding imprisonment. Under such pressure the Queen's humiliation was lightened, though she was not permitted to return to England. Exiled to Hanover, her life closed before her character was fully developed or she had the chance of assuming a fresh rôle in the history of Denmark. It is a sad story, which Mr. Wilkins has told with much detail and considerable effect.

—Under the title 'The Middle Eastern Question, or Some Political Problems of Indian Defence,' the author of 'The Far Eastern Question,' Valentine Chirol, has published a work of five hundred pages (E. P. Dutton & Co.), which has grown out of a series of letters written for the London *Times*. As a special plea for the need of just such missions as that now occupying the mind of Col. Younghusband, this book is written for the times in both senses. But, though ephemeral in its nature, no work more strikingly shows in just what position England stands as regards Russian encroachment on British territory. Beginning with Persia, the author gives a detailed account of the stealthy but steady undermining of British influence, and the growth of Russian power which is inevitably taking its place. German aggressiveness also receives due attention at this point; but in the subsequent chapters Russia alone is considered, as Mr. Chirol depicts the encroachments of the Slav in Afghanistan and Turkestan; while Russia and France together from the point of view of Burmah are considered in the final chapters of the survey. The author does not wish to pose as an alarmist, but he sees clearly enough that the British *laissez-faire* doctrine and the serene hope that the *status quo* will remain unchanged are confronted with an untiring activity and ambition on the part of Russia. He deprecates the "wholesale and hasty surrender of legitimate interests" on the one hand and the mixture of "bragging and nagging" which in the past has taken the place of any well-defined English policy. Russia has practically ousted British trade from the whole of Central Asia by a policy of rigid exclusiveness; she has usurped England's place both commercially and politically in Persia; she has intrigued in Afghanistan, and it is an open question whether in the event of war the Amir would care to play the part of a buffer. Russia is also drawing Tibet within her "sphere of influence." In Chinese Turkestan, Russian competition is driving out English goods, and a foreign "and possibly hostile" Power is making itself appreciably felt "all along the northeastern border of India." There is certainly food for anxious thought in this volume for both the tradesman and imperialist politician of England, while the American reader will find in it a very clear statement of present conditions, marred by no display of temper, but capable of improvement in point of style.

LEWIS AND CLARK.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark. By Olin D. Wheeler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols., 8vo. 1904.

Mr. Olin D. Wheeler of the Northern Pacific Railroad has for some years, as part of his duty, prepared "Wonderland," the interesting and beautifully illustrated annual relating to the region which that road traverses. In 1900 "Wonderland" was largely taken up with the expedition of Lewis and Clark. Many years before this, in his youth indeed, Mr. Wheeler had begun the studies and travels which make him at the present moment probably the most accomplished Lewis and Clark scholar living. The important book, the title of which is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given above, a development from the small nucleus in the "Wonderland" of 1900, makes it plain that Mr. Wheeler has read with care the literature of the subject, including the original journals of the captains and their men, which have remained in manuscript up to the present moment; and also that he has done much more than this. Trained as an explorer in his youth, in the seventies by Powell—in the expeditions that brought to light the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and its neighborhood—he is an accomplished frontiersman; and, with faculties quickened by much experience of the wilderness, he has passed over every mile of the Lewis and Clark trail, in some parts several times, identifying every mountain, stream, plain—indeed, every camping place—reproducing, meantime, to a large extent for himself the old conditions, hunting, canoeing, riding as they did. So far as the old tribes still exist, he has paid them visits, and sometimes lived among them. Once, in a remote desert, he talked with the squaw Petówya, more than one hundred years old, who distinctly remembered the coming among her tribe of Lewis and Clark. How a writer could investigate his field more thoroughly than Mr. Wheeler has done, it would be hard to say. What he has gathered is presented in these two handsome octavos, illustrated by many maps, and photographs of all the more noteworthy scenes. The style, as may be expected from one who has come up into active business from the frontier, is not always square with academic standards; it is, however, always frank, breezy, picturesque, an excellent medium for the presentment of his material. The amount of new information afforded is very considerable.

Faithful to our critical function, we shall specify some cases in which Mr. Wheeler comes short, premising that the cases are few and not of great importance. It was Fielding Lewis, *great*-uncle of Captain Lewis, not his uncle, who married the sister of Washington; at least, that is the statement of Jefferson. Sergeant Patrick Gass was not "wounded at Lundy's Lane." The story told by his biographer is that a ball passed through his hat, his shortness of stature standing him in good stead. That he was quite unharmed he gave proof only a few days later in the "Sortie from Fort Erie," a feat of arms once very famous. Personally directed by Gen. Jacob Brown, standing on a log, in the light of the cannon flashes, he spiked the British twenty-four-pounders, his pocket full of rat-tail files which he drove into the vents. We surmise, too, that Gass should rather be described as a Scotch-Irishman than as an Irishman, though here Mr. Wheeler has the support of authorities in general. Gass is a family name in Annandale, Scotland; and we believe that oatmeal must have had something to do with the doughty grit of Patrick's composition.

Rather more serious than these errors is the omission, in the account given of the rank and file of the party, of the neat story relating to Robert Frazier, told, we believe, for the first time in our own pages, a decade since, by Prof. J. D. Butler in his review of the 'Lewis and Clark' of Dr. Elliott Coues (*Nation*, 57: 312, 331). The story is good enough to be told again. Robert Frazier was a fencing master in Rutland, Vermont, who, obtaining a hat of Professor Butler's uncle, a trader in Rutland, ran away without paying for it,—this about the year 1803. Uncle Butler, soon after failing in business, too trustful perhaps to thrive in the Vermont of those days, went West and at last began tavern-keeping in St. Louis. September 23, 1806, who should walk into his doors but Robert Frazier, one of the men of Lewis and Clark, just arrived at the levee across the continent from the mouth of the Columbia. Uncle Butler recognized his debtor at once, tanned, moccasined, and befringed after the Indian fashion though he was, and straightway presented the unpaid bill for the hat. This the pioneer, now in funds from the sale of his land claim, straightway paid; on his part now presenting to Uncle Butler a neatly penned prospectus for the publication of a journal he had kept, a subscription for which might presumably be met out of the proceeds of the hat. Uncle Butler took the prospectus, but unloaded the matter of subscribing upon his brother in Vermont. Professor Butler in due time inherited the prospectus, and still retains it—the sole extant memorial of Robert Frazier, for his book never saw the light. He is one of that part of the band whom oblivion has utterly swallowed. His journal, could it be recovered, would easily bring its weight in gold.

Such errors and omissions, however, are of small account in the general excellence of the work. As to information afforded relating to the personnel of the party, good service is rendered by an elaborate discussion, based upon the testimony of descendants and of persons living on the ground, of the long unsolved question whether Meriwether Lewis came to his death by suicide in a wild spot in Tennessee in 1809. For the fairness of the explorer's fame the world will be glad to find that the theory of suicide is improbable, and that with scarcely a doubt Lewis was murdered at the lonely tavern where his body was found, and near which, in what is still a remote solitude, he lies buried.

Excepting as to the two captains, Dr. Coues was able to give, in 1893, only scanty details of the subsequent careers of the party. Sergeant Gass, indeed, has always stood in a clear historic light, a revised form of his journal having appeared a few months after the return, and the sergeant himself having been made the subject of a biography by an intelligent man. Dr. Coues of course knew his story. As to his fellow-sergeants, Pryor and Ordway, however, of the latter Coues knew nothing, and of the former scarcely more. As to the privates, excepting George Shannon and John Colter, he had no information. He greatly admired the fine fellows, picked men as they were at the outset, and justifying most amply their selection by constant faithfulness and courage. Coues's monotonous comment, "No more known of him," affixed to name after name as he goes down the list, comes to seem like a melancholy groan over the heedlessness of a world which will let the memory of such men die. But Mr. Wheeler shows that within a decade much additional knowledge has come to light. Sergeants Pryor and Ordway are now distinct in their after-careers. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye of Oregon, author of the 'Conquest,' and one of the most meritorious workers in this field, has rescued the important figure of Alexander H. Willard.

Mr. Wheeler himself has done a similar service for William Bratton, and has especial desert for what he has accomplished in behalf of the one woman in the enterprise and the "historic pappoose." The most picturesque and touching figure in the whole story of the undertaking is Sacágawea, the bird-woman. The expedition found her a Shoshone captive among the Minnetarees, a girl of sixteen, the slave and wife of a French interpreter. The man, Chaboneau, was engaged to go with the party; the Shoshone squaw, too, the captains thought might be useful among the mountains whence she had been taken; so, although she bore at her back her baby, born scarcely two months before, she had no choice but to follow with the white men. Handicapped with her motherhood, she underwent all that her companions did, rendering service indeed of the greatest value. Repeatedly, when the expedition was on the brink of disaster that might have frustrated it, she saved it, now by her quickness and presence of mind, now by conciliating the good will of the shy mountain-tribes, her kindred; horses, and guides from whom were indispensable to success. When all others were at fault, she proved a certain path-finder through the most tangled gorges; and through all her ministration showed herself sweetly amiable and patient. This real heroine had nearly sunk out of memory, and much credit is due to Dr. Coues, Mrs. Dye, and Mr. Wheeler for securing to her a recognition which, though late, seems likely to be hearty. The women of the great States of the Northwest into which Sacága-wea smoothed the way will, under the lead of Mrs. Dye, erect a proper memorial in her honor; and at the instance of Mr. Wheeler the Government has named a noble height overlooking the scene of her chief service, Sacága-wea Peak. He has also traced out the career of the Indian baby. The little brown waif got back safe and sound from its far journeying, grew to manhood, and became a stout hunter and pioneer. He was a character well known in Idaho in the thirties, and figures as the hero of an adventure the story of which Mr. Wheeler has recovered from the notes of a backwoodsman of that region.

Our debt to Mr. Wheeler for information as to tribes and localities is not less great than for information as to persons. Whenever a remnant has survived of tribes which the explorers met, he has made their acquaintance, and in some instances sojourned among them. Every noteworthy locality mentioned in the records is described as it appears to-day, and a clear sketch, based upon observation and a study of good authorities, furnished of such change as has come in. We remark as particularly interesting the account of the Mandans, and the tragedy of their extermination by the smallpox in 1837-8. The account of the development at the Great Falls of the Missouri is interesting; so, too, of the immense industries that have come to pass in the neighborhood of the Three Forks and the Gates of the Mountains, out of whose mines treasure many hundred millions in amount has been drawn and poured into the coffers of the world. The exact locating of the route of the expedition across the "continental divide," never until now satisfactorily ascertained, does much credit to Mr. Wheeler's sagacity and perseverance. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great part the trail is scarcely less wild than it was in 1805-6; but our author, with the records in his hand, has traversed it foot by foot, charting it at last minutely. He must, indeed, have felt a sense of triumph when, in the spring of the present year, Dr. Thwaites, after comparing Mr. Wheeler's work with the lately discovered map of Clark, pronounced that the identification had been exact, a complete correspondence existing between the earliest and the latest maps. Nor is our author less at home in the valley of the Columbia than in the valley of the Missouri; his identifications there, too, are as painstaking, his sketches and summaries in like degree adequate.

This centennial year of the expedition of Lewis and Clark will be signalized by the publication of much important literature relating to that enterprise. First in importance, of course, must stand the seven monumental volumes of the "Original Records," which Reuben Gold Thwaites, the eminent secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, is on the point of issuing. A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago will reprint for the first time in nearly sixty years the Journal of Patrick Gass, the picturesque and venerable book which first gave authentic information of the undertaking, and remained for seven years the sole source of knowledge. Interest in the old pathfinders from Coronado down, indeed, is much quickened, and their stories are appearing in fresh presentments. In a high place among books of this class must stand the 'Trail of Lewis and Clark,' the work as it is of one who is at the same time a well-read scholar and a good frontiersman; and who devotes himself enthusiastically to supplementing the records of an achievement among the manliest and most beneficently fruitful in American history.

MR. HEWLETT'S LATEST STORY.

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

'The Queen's Quair' is the story of the six years intervening between the departure from France of Mary Stuart, Queen Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland, and heir apparent to the throne of England (ill-fitted both by temperament and education for such greatness), and the night when, broken in heart and spirit, accused of most of the crimes of the decalogue, she rode, a prisoner, from Holyrood to Lochleven. These were the years in which she really lived; all that followed was monotonous existence, varied only by perpetual, futile attempts of the caged bird to break the bars and take wing once more in the open. No short space of time has more deeply engaged the attention of historians, poets, and romance-writers; and, after all the research, controversy, and imaginative guesses, we are still in doubt, not only about many things that may or may not have happened, but, more still, about the character of the Queen and the degree of her responsibility for the most shocking of all the crimes attributed to her.

No matter, however, what view one may take of her, one thing is certain, that the history of those years is the history of Scotland's shame—shame of her lords as of her fishwives, shame above all of her preachers, so sure of the will of their compassionless Calvinistic God, and so hot to visit His wrath upon the woman whom they still recognized as their divinely appointed Queen. From the confused and contradictory records of abominable open crime and more abominable secret infamies one impression must be clearly received—that the thin, fair girl with the sidelong glance and pointed chin of the Stuarts was always, at the lowest estimate of her worth, better than the fierce, lying, pitiless men who held her crown, her honor, and her life in their hands. Some of these men she justly hated; some she as justly scorned; some she mistakenly loved, and one, Bothwell, she loved most, and feared. Always by all she was regarded as an instrument to advance or obstruct personal interests, used for selfish purposes, mostly base; insulted, betrayed, driven to do and be the worst that a wild girl who was also a royal Stuart could do or be. Never among them all was one man found to help her to the better way. In her own kingdom she stood alone, except for one or two faithful women and a few boys to serve her and die for her.

This view of the Queen's case, so clearly derivable from history, comes out finely in Mr. Hewlett's version—a version so discriminating as to matters of fact and so keen and deep in matters of inference that one feels it to be uncommonly like a direct inspiration. The narrative, following historical outline and sequence, presents a plot unrivalled by invention, and a series of dramatic situations pitiful, terrible, and not poor, in touches, of a high sort of satirical comedy. Through a labyrinth of conflicting statements Mr. Hewlett has found a way to conclusions generally consistent with the greatest probability. If he had done nothing more than construct a strong, straightforward story out of stuff that has been so often gathered and sifted, his book would be noticeable and valuable. But he has gone much farther. He has penetrated and exhibited the wild heart of the Queen and the black hearts of the miscreants who destroyed her. His vision of the Queen is wonderfully complete and vivid. He sees the intellectuality so often ascribed to her as nothing more impressive than a taste for poetry and intrigue and a wit ready in emergency. Her intellect, indeed, was never of any practical use, because its decisions could be reversed instantly by a gust of passion or even a caprice. Personal passion was the mainspring of action, the secret of her power as a woman and of her abysmal failure as a queen.

Mr. Hewlett's characterization is by no means a vindication. He has not wasted himself in vain labor to prove that she was either a virtuous woman or an exemplary sovereign, but he makes one feel unmistakably that, with a little encouragement, she would have seriously striven against the fatal faults of her blood, and, at least, not wandered so far from a desirable regard for a measure of good fame. His Mary Stuart is neither the pathetic, romantic figure born of Sir Walter Scott's chivalrous imagination, nor the cruel, corrupt wretch depicted by Swinburne. She is just a mixture of good and evil, frank and false, loving and revengeful, fascinating and repellent; every common natural quality exaggerated, almost distorted, by the great circumstance that she was a queen of the House of Stuart.

The principal figures of her wonderful entourage are similarly vivid, though not similarly enchanting. One sees them all, false counsellors, false friends, false lovers. A perfect rogues' gallery is open to inspection—tortuous, sleek Maitland of Lethington, pronounced by Mary's "good sister," Elizabeth, the finest wit in Scotland; profoundly hypocritical, canny Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray; cynical Riccio, familiarly called "Davy"; vain, vicious Harry Darnley, King Consort, well dubbed the "Young Fool"; silly, singing, prancing Chastelard; and, killing here, betraying there, dominating everywhere, stalwart, red-headed James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, with his troop of black sheep, Hay of Tala, Hob Ormistoun, and the rest, ragged rascals, "Bothwell's Lambs." Most infamous of all, Bothwell; not because he broke the Queen's heart, which had a natural tendency to break and mend, but because he crushed her high spirit and destroyed forever her princely courage. Diplomatic Sir James Melville shows himself not devoid of sympathetic emotion, and George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, son of that Huntly harried and slain by Mary at the instigation of Lord James Stuart, who wanted an earldom, stands out conspicuously gallant and faithful. There is not much authority for this portrait of Huntly, and it is highly improbable that he managed to have Darnley murdered before the house of Kirk o'Field was blown up, out of love for the Queen and to save her from deadly sin. Darnley, of course, was murdered before the explosion, but his taking off was no expression of love for or by any one. Whether or not Huntly loved the Queen, his sister Jean, Bothwell's wife, divorced by him as soon as he was sure of royal favor, hated her steadfastly. Mr. Hewlett draws a terrible scene between the two women, after the divorce at the Castle of Crichton, where, says his page, Des Essars, who has a large part in the tale, his mistress showed "that old, sweet guile of hers, inveterate still and at work," but came away contrite and humble, stricken with the "most terrible secret sorrow, which broke her heart and ends my plea for pity upon her who loved so fondly."

The mere writing of the 'Queen's Quair' is a literary achievement of high order. The author has worked with brain and heart, and by a perfect sincerity his style has been strengthened and chastened. His language loses that conspicuousness as language which smothers the subject in some of his books. There is a pervading quaintness, an occasional preciosity, but no hesitation about plain speaking when the moment calls for it. The man who would tell such a tale aright must not be mealy-mouthed, and Mr. Hewlett was never that.

Before leaving the 'Queen's Quair' a word must be said about another book to which the author is deeply indebted. His dedication is a graceful acknowledgment of this debt to Mr. Andrew Lang, whose 'Mystery of Mary Stuart' contains the substance of his tale. Mr. Lang's book is hard to read, but every one who wishes fully to appreciate Mr. Hewlett's manipulation of evidence should read it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TURNER'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

History of Philosophy. By William Turner, S.T.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 674.

Some apology may be due to our readers for giving more than a line or two to a book which professes merely to be a one-volume text-book of the whole history of philosophy. But this is no ordinary third-hand compilation. The thorough reader of philosophy will find himself here confronted by a peer whose judgments are his own (barring in a sense those that touch dogma) in a larger proportion than is usual, the principal exceptions being that, in ancient and early mediæval history, imaginations of German higher critics are too easily assented to. As one goes through the volume, one becomes interested in considering the views of the author, and finds them mostly acceptable. Stöckl's various writings, the manuals that have emanated from Stonyhurst, and sundry other books and articles had already produced upon us the impression that Leonine Thomism was a decidedly favorable standpoint from which to survey the course of philosophy; and the present volume bears out that impression. There is a reason why it should be so: the adherent of any modern school is a nominalist—that is, he believes in only a single fundamental mode of being, and his power of conceiving other modes has become atrophied from disuse. But a true Aristotelian, of whatever stripe, must recognize a germinal mode of being, a positive, substantial possibility, or potentiality, over and above actual existence, or *exsistence.* He is thus in a condition to understand both nominalistic and realistic conceptions of the universe. The most favorable standpoint, on this principle, should be that of the Scotist, who is habituated to thinking of three modes of being —matter, or the positively possible; form, or that whose being consists in its general governing of what in any way is; and heccities, or positive elements of individual existence. Unfortunately no considerable Scotistic school of thought is now extant. Only a pragmatist, here and there, has a sort of affinity to Scotus.

Apart from all this, it has long been coming home to the philosophical world that a more thorough appreciation of the realistic theory is one of the prerequisites to philosophy's ever developing into a stable science. It is a chief merit of this little book that it furnishes a more intelligible and truer account of the development of scholastic realism than can be found in many a more pretentious history of philosophy. The system of St. Thomas Aquinas, beyond dispute one of the greatest that have ever been formed, is here expounded with accuracy and in some detail. The modification of that doctrine by Scotus—departing from it, roughly speaking, about as much as Aristotelianism departs from Platonism—is less sympathetically treated. The reasons for the modification are not explained, nor is the essential characteristic of it clearly set forth. What is said of it, however, is true enough; and that is more than the Scotist is accustomed to find in compendiums or even in books devoted to explaining the doctrine he follows.

Father Turner's account of the rise of scholasticism is particularly comprehensible, and in the main points just. During the three centuries and more that elapsed between the 'De Divisione Naturæ' of Erigena and the granting of the first distinctly recorded privilege to the University of Paris by Philip Augustus, A. D. 1200, we hear of some sixty teachers of philosophy; and of most of them we barely learn their existence. About a third of them, including all the most important, receive separate treatment by Father Turner, thus affording a tolerably definite idea of one side—the internal side—of the line of generation of scholasticism proper, the scholasticism of the University of Paris. The account given of the philosophy of the fourteenth and two following centuries does not satisfy us nearly so well. It is difficult to conceive that a person who had ever made any serious study of Ockham could have given so colorless a portraiture of that strong and singular thinker, whose subsequent influence has been so mighty that a close examination of his thought was called for. The decay of scholasticism is largely attributed to nominalism; and no doubt there is some truth in that. For not only does nominalism render any religious philosophy impossible or absurd, but the empty formalism, oppressive triviality, and soporific verbosity of the mediæval nominalists—especially the later ones, though Ockham himself is hard to beat in the last particular—was calculated to disgust every lively mind. Yet, after all, the Scotists retained the upper hand in the most important centres to the last; it was not the Ockhams but the Dunses that most excited the resentment of the humanists; and it was, in part, because of this resentment that the modern world became nominalistic. Yet it should not be forgotten that the study of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies was an important factor in this.

Besides nominalism, Father Turner holds the chief cause of the decay of scholasticism to have been Averroism, especially the proposition that what is true in philosophy may not be true in theology. Is it not singular how most men regard this proposition as simply abominable, while another proposition, differing from it chiefly in being more general, is by many if not most men considered as the capstone of good sense—we mean the proposition that what is true in theory may be false in practice? The meaning of this is, of course, that a correct deduction from a theory may, in consequence of the impossibility of any general theory taking into account all the factors which affect experience, be found quite contradicted by experiment. Nobody will be more alive to this than modern mathematicians. What, then, is it that Averroes adds to this that makes his proposition so abominable? It is that if a deductive conclusion is so abhorrent to one's most intimate conscience that to accept it would be to break up one's whole system of moral habitudes, it is better to adhere to natural or quasi-natural sentiment, and to suppose that some undetected error affects the philosopheme, although it appear evidently to follow from axioms. Averroes advanced his proposition on the occasion of such a contradiction presenting itself in his own experience. He was in a situation similar to that of one of those religious speculators whom we sometimes read of in the newspapers, who reason it out that it is their duty to burn their children alive or commit some other enormity. Is it really so abominable, in such a case, to do as Averroes did rather than to follow apparent reason to the destruction of all that one has been accustomed to hold sacred? Father Turner says that the proposition of Averroes is contrary to the basic principle of scholasticism. Undoubtedly it is so, in so far as the general proposition that what is true in theory may be false in practice is contrary to the basic principles of the theory. But that is not to say that the acceptance of the proposition is unfavorable to further and closer study of the theory. Would it not be a truer account of the decadence of scholasticism to say that any purely deductive theory, like those of scholasticism, must eventually exhaust its interest owing to all the important consequences having been already made out? Pure mathematics is saved from exhaustion only by starting new sets of hypotheses as the former ones become uninteresting.

However, there was an entirely different order of causes tending to disintegrate scholasticism which Father Turner perhaps considered beyond the scope of this manual. Namely, there are certain incongruities necessarily accompanying a priesthood, sacred things—such as masses and intentions of masses—being bought and sold like railway securities; a court, like profane courts, a hotbed of vice and iniquity, etc., etc., which seem natural enough to a barbarian like the European of the ninth or tenth century. Now scholasticism itself, together with other agencies, had cultivated men's minds up to the point where such sordid and vile things, interwoven with the most holy, inevitably produced upon the lay mind an intense disgust which, where there was a certain degree of intellectual strength, made a readiness for unbelief, if not unbelief itself. Then, just as we all know that crude forms of punishment may answer well for very young children, but would have disastrous effects at a later age, so the barbaric manner in which the Church always treated heresy prevented its expression, and so not only rendered unbelief invulnerable, but added to it a cynical hypocrisy which disinclined minds to any philosophy like scholastic realism. For this hypocrisy said to itself, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I believe what I see, and nothing else." There is enough of it eating the bread and butter of the Catholic Church to-day to illustrate what we mean (not without force) to anybody who is at all acquainted with that communion. Combine causes such as these, and the æsthetic fashion of mind that the Constantinopolitans imported into the West, with the inevitable exhaustion of a deductive treatment of theology, and causes for the dissolution of scholasticism seem only too abundant.

We regret that the limits of our columns forbid our considering Father Turner's interpretations and criticisms of modern philosophy, which are always interesting, and under a good teacher will prove stimulating to the thought of the student. This effect will only be heightened by there being occasional little exceptions to be taken. We will illustrate these by two instances, one of criticism and one of interpretation. Namely, Father Turner calls Locke "superficial." Now, it is hardly conceivable that anybody, in the light of modern psychology, should deny what Father Turner probably means. But how will the neophyte under-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand the word "superficial"? Superficiality is the opposite of penetration. It is the effect of not having thought much about the propositions one enunciates. One of Locke's most remarkable traits, shown on every page of his masterpiece, is that every section brings the fruit of enough thought to furnish forth a considerable essay. Not defective penetration, but the failure to take into consideration other circumstances than those which he has studied—that is the characteristic fault of Locke.

The other instance to which we shall refer is that Father Taylor says that Descartes, in his reply to Gassendi, "protested that the [*Cogito*] *ergo sum* is not an inference." This was Dugald Stewart's notion; but it is not tenable. Descartes often said that the *Cogito ergo sum* was not a syllogism or an enthymeme, nor founded on the syllogistic theory of reasoning. Yet even that hardly gibes with his version of it in the 'Principia.' It is true that he calls it "tanquam rem per se notam simplici mentis intuitu." But what he means is that when one considers that one thinks, one at once perceives thereby that one exists. He thus makes the knowledge of one's existence an effect of the knowledge that one thinks. As Cousin said, "Le *donc je suis* n'indique-t-il pas un lien logique? Comme Descartes emploie toujours ce mot quand il raisonne, n'est-il pas naturel de croire que ce même mot a ici le même sens que partout ailleurs, et ce rapport des termes ne marque-t-il point celui des procédés intellectuels? Si le *donc* n'a pas ici un sens logique, pourquoi Descartes ne l'a-t-il pas dit?"

We have found so much fault with the book that our readers may not understand why we like it so much. It is because it is neither a machine-made compilation nor a vague essay, but is the work of a real student of the history of philosophy. We may add that its statements are formally distinct and explicit, as befits a book for beginners and a text-book. There is a thirteen-page index of proper names, and of such subjects as Absolutism, Academies, Accadian traditions, Æsthetics, Agnosticism, Air currents of the Stoics, Antinomies, Arabian philosophy, Arianism, Astronomy, Atomists.

The Tempest. Edited by Mark Harvey Liddell. (The Elizabethan Shakspere.) Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

From the printer's note at the end, it appears that this volume had been already several months in process of manufacture before "Macbeth," the first volume of the edition, was published in April, 1903. The adherence of the editor to every detail of the form and method of the previous volume is, then, not to be regarded as a wilful ignoring of the very considerable mass of criticism which greeted the result of the first stage of his labors. It is none the less to be regretted that the serious faults already pointed out should continue to mar one of the most costly and elaborate productions so far attempted by American scholarship. Some of these, of course, inhere in the very conception of the work. The distribution of the comment round three margins of the text, the failure to restrain it within the limits of the same page as the corresponding text, and the absence of paragraphing in the notes, continue to puzzle and bewilder the reader; and these cannot well be altered without changing the character of the edition. The absence of line-numbers, except at the top of the page, however, is a defect which could easily be remedied.

On the less mechanical side, the treatment of the text remains open to serious criticism. The arbitrary spelling of the First Folio is retained throughout, and the editor frequently implies that this has the authority of Shakspere himself. This, of course, is not certain or even probable; and a good defence for troubling the reader with the eccentricities of an unknown seventeenth-century type-setter exists only when an exact reprint of the Folio is being attempted. But no such attempt is here made. The stage directions, the arrangement of verses, the punctuation, the capitals and italics, and even the dialogue itself, are all tampered with; so that one has many of the disadvantages of a facsimile without its authority.

The material in the notes has the same merits and defects as were to be found in Mr. Liddell's "Macbeth." Learning and ingenuity are here in abundance, and the professed student of Elizabethan English grammar and idom will find much interesting material brought together; but he will constantly find himself wishing that Mr. Liddell had written a dictionary, and not buried his findings among masses of elementary and irrelevant comments on Shakspere.

In the more erudite parts of his work the editor is unduly dogmatic at times. Explanations which the scholar would gladly take as suggestions become annoying as absolute assertions. Thus, on the line, "What cares these roarers for the name of king?" the note says, "ROARERS, 'rioters,' for the boatswain's use of the word in this connection implies the EL. meaning 'riotous person,' cp. 'to roare, . . . to murmur, to show themselves discontented' Alvearie; 'roarer' is also a regular term for 'blustering fellow,' 'bully.'" This use of "roarer" is, of course, well known, but in the present passage it is quite as likely to mean just "roarer."

In the Introduction, Mr. Liddell's work is much more intelligent and better proportioned. The discussion of the sources of the play is clear and scholarly. In the matter of the date he accepts with a modification the view of Tieck and Garnett. These scholars have argued that "The Tempest" was written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine in February, 1613. Mr. Liddell, impressed by the autumnal spirit of the play and the masque of Ceres in the fourth act, and by the fact that Ferdinand and Miranda are betrothed but not married, concludes that Shakspere prepared it for the betrothal ceremonies planned for the previous autumn. Owing to the death of Prince Henry, the betrothal was postponed, and later performed without public festivities; so it is argued that Shakspere would merely hold over his betrothal play and touch it up for the wedding itself in the beginning of the following year. But neither these reasons nor Garnett's attempts to identify the characters of the play with personages at court seem sufficiently to discount the statement of the cautious and learned Malone, based upon documents now lost, that the comedy "had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611."

The more purely literary criticism contained in the Introduction and scattered through the notes is often interesting and suggestive. The weakness here, as in the "Macbeth," is in Mr. Liddell's persistent attempts to trace a parallelism in the motives of the greater plays. The following paragraph gives an instance, and not an extreme one, of the tendency.

"It was Macbeth's fervent wish to net up the train of consequence flowing from his act, and through this suspension of cause and effect gain at one stroke success. It seems as if this poetic thought, this intervention of the human will into the designs of God, had suggested itself to Shakspere as the theme for a play in which 'the trammelling up' would be to a nobler end. Unlike Macbeth, Prospero justifies his usurpation. The 'Tempest' is thus, though so brief and shadowy, one of the most suggestive of Shakspere's plays; and, being a comedy in the Elizabethan sense of a tale ending happily, it belongs with the great tragedies—'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' and 'Lear,' making for them a kind of complementing Epilogue in which the poet hints at the proper interpretation of his greatest work. For in it is answered the question which the tragedies put: Is life necessarily bound in shallows and in miseries, all cheerless, dark, and deadly? Will man, then, like the base Indian, throw his pearl away? Is it a question of to be or not to be, the latter alternative only prevented through respect of what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil? Is it a tale of sound and fury signifying nothing? Are we only such stuff as dreams are made of, our little life rounded with a sleep—a sleep and a forgetting?"

It is to be observed that it is here assumed that the great tragedies are questions, the answers to which are to be sought outside themselves. This is silently to impeach the conclusions of the great mass of critics, who have found in these dramas an attempt to solve as well as to raise profound problems as to the significance of life. Further, it is assumed that each tragedy is simply a different form of the same question. But an examination of the succession of statements of it will show that this identity can be made out only by an unwarrantable straining, and this straining is constantly evident in the further attempts to work out the idea stated in the passage which has been quoted. In the interpretation of individual plays a wise caution is called for in the attributing to Shakspere of conscious and deliberate metaphysical purpose in the choice and treatment of his subject. In dealing with groups of plays this necessity for caution is greatly increased. What Mr. Liddell has to contribute would be no less useful to the Shakspere student if it were given as suggestion rising out of the play, without dogmatic assertion about what the dramatist meant to put into it.

The Opening of the Mississippi: A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Instructor in History in Indiana University. The Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xi., 670.

The title of Mr. Ogg's book is not altogether an accurate indication of its contents. That he realizes this is apparent from the explanation which he feels bound to offer in the preface, where he says: "This book is intended primarily to be a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history of the discovery, exploration, and contested rights of navigation of the Mississippi River" (p. vii.). Nor, it seems to us, does this tell precisely what is in the book, for, notwithstanding the author's disclaimer of any such purpose, his work really comes nearer to being simply a history of the Mississippi Valley down to the close of the War of 1812.

Mr. Ogg has unquestionably made careful preparations for his task. All, or nearly all, of the secondary works have been examined with great care, and, so far as we can judge, all the printed sources have been consulted. It does not appear that manuscript material has been used. In so extended a period, it was not to be expected that our knowledge of the subject should be enlarged; the author, in fact, makes no claim to have done that. What one might expect is a clearer and a fuller account of the whole subject than has hitherto been given. This the author has aimed at, and, in the main, we think he has succeeded. Nowhere else can one find so full an account of the whole period in a single work. The story is told clearly, dispassionately, with full knowledge of what has been done by others (with one notable exception), with reasonable knowledge of some of the sources, and with a good, though by no means a profound, grasp of the subject in its entirety.

The first eight chapters, which bring the narrative down to 1783, are better worked out than the last six. This seems to be due partly to the fact that the author has had more printed sources to work with, partly to the fact that he has taken more pains in elaborating them, partly, again, to the fact that the subject is less difficult and complicated. The first chapter, on the "Importance of the Mississippi Valley," seems conventional and perfunctory, written, if one may hazard a guess, with the feeling that an introduction of this sort would be looked for, rather than for any more vital reason. The two chapters on the explorations of the Spanish and of the French in the lower Mississippi region are very good presentations of the best knowledge we have with respect to these events. The story of La Salle and his work, in chapter four, is well enough, though it is naturally somewhat disappointing in comparison with the brilliant work of Parkman. The two chapters on "The Beginnings of Louisiana" and "English and French Neighbors after 1763" will prove, we think, the most useful parts of the book. In the latter chapter, however, the treatment of the diplomatic negotiations leading up to the treaty of 1783 is neither very full nor very clear.

Indeed, it is precisely at this point, where the author passes over into the period which above all others is full of diplomatic complications and treasonable intrigue, that the work becomes least satisfactory, when it might have proved most serviceable. For whatever reason, Mr. Ogg appears to have failed to take advantage of his opportunity. Not only has he given us no new information here, but he has failed in large measure to refashion what knowledge we have as carefully as in the earlier period. In at least one case Mr. Ogg has failed to examine, or at least to be at all guided by, the conclusions of recent investigations. We refer to the Burr conspiracy. Mr. McCaleb's 'Aaron Burr Conspiracy' appeared in May, 1903. Whether or not he succeeded in wholly disproving the conclusions of Henry Adams, he certainly made it seemingly impossible for any later writer to limit himself to a mere summary of these conclusions. As Mr. Ogg's preface bears date of September, 1903, he must have had ample time to make himself familiar with Mr. McCaleb's book. Indeed, at page 626 he includes it in a list of secondary works that "may be mentioned" as dealing with the Burr conspiracy. Yet he has made no use whatever of this scholarly work. If this is due to the assumption, which we can quite understand, that it is well nigh impossible to improve upon Adams, the result has been unfortunate in this case. We fear, however, that this method has been resorted to throughout the later chapters. In dealing with the Louisiana purchase, for instance, he might have found something to take from 'Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires' not already "quoted in Adams." Likewise, in the chapter on "Establishing the American Régime," the references indicate very few if any excursions on the part of the author beyond the limits of Martin, Gayarré, and Grace King.

We have noticed but few errors of fact or questionable statements. At page 288 the author conveys the impression that the secret treaty by which the territory west of the Mississippi was conveyed to Spain, and the Treaty of Paris, bear the same date. The preliminaries of the Treaty of Paris and the secret treaty were both signed November 3, 1762; but the final treaty, known as the Treaty of Paris, bears date of February 10, 1763. That the possessions of England after the Treaty of Paris "included all the lands east of the Mississippi" is, of course an error (p. 294). The lists of works containing important documents, which the author gives in the footnotes, are ordinarily not complete. Generally, this is of no consequence, but certainly the 'Treaties and Conventions' should be mentioned in any bibliography of the Treaty of 1783 (p. 397). The statement (p. 548) that "the devotion of the Federalists to the theory of strong national powers precluded them from attacking the purchase at the point which Jefferson considered the most vulnerable—the constitutional—and threw them back upon arguments of expediency and national interests," is wholly misleading, since the change of front which both parties made on the constitutional question is precisely the most obvious, and one of the most significant, features of the whole Louisiana debate. This statement is the more extraordinary in view of Mr. Ogg's apparent devotion to Henry Adams, who, in this matter perhaps above all others, leaves nothing to be desired. Is it altogether fair to impute to Napoleon alone the fault of breaking the Peace of Amiens (p. 586)? Victor C. Coffin (p. 356) should be Victor Coffin. The index is unsatisfactory, and there is no systematic bibliography.

History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. xxxii., 911, xl.

It is unquestionably a difficult thing to write a good "popular" history. To begin with, your popular historian must have an unusually ample store of facts, sufficient in quantity and character to justify a much more pretentious work; for no one is fit to write an elementary book who could not, if he chose, write a more advanced one. Again, your popular historian needs altogether exceptional judgment and discrimination, a sure sense of the relative importance of things, a clear notion of what is essential for the reader who has not time to know a great deal. And, finally, the successful popular history will have distinct merits of style, for with the unlearned public it is manner as much as matter that counts. No audience is so hard to win and hold by legitimate effort as a popular audience, because a popular audience always assumes to pass a scholar's judgment without, of course, the scholar's knowledge. Moreover, a book which meets with wide acceptance in an historical field performs a distinct service, good or bad, for citizenship, sets many political ideals, fortifies many opinions, affects no small amount of conduct. It is not unfair, therefore, to judge with some strictness a book which professes to open to the masses a large and vital subject, and to offer within its covers all of the information on the subject which the public at large imperatively needs to know.

Mr. Elson has aimed at popularity. He has felt sympathy for the many who have no time to read the "large" and "comprehensive" histories of the United States, and has tried to give a well-written, clear, and justly proportioned account in a single volume. He has aimed to make an interesting book, too, one which shall eschew "dry details," and deal with incidents of general or permanent importance. In the treatment of controverted topics, such as the Revolution, slavery, and the civil war, he has earnestly sought impartiality. He modestly disclaims pretence of original scholarship, but has drawn freely on the best secondary material. The result of his labors is an attractively printed volume of over nine hundred pages, about equal in bulk of matter to Green's 'Short History of the English People,' the work in a related field with which it will most naturally be compared. Whatever its shortcomings, it is the most notable attempt yet made to tell in moderate compass the whole story of American history.

It would be gratifying indeed if Mr. Elson's book fulfilled without serious lapse the promise of its title and preface; for of a good popular history of America there has long been need. So far as information goes, the promise is fairly well kept. There is an abundance of data, and most of the leading events from the earliest times to the present are accurately and intelligently set down. One may learn a great deal from Mr. Elson's pages. In other respects, however, praise must be much qualified. To begin with, the book is ill written. Mr. Elson's style has fluency, but neither grace, dignity, nor good form. "Fine writing" and colloquialisms, trivialities and awkward phraseology jostle one another on the same page, and that repeatedly. Again and again a passage otherwise creditable is spoiled by some weak or graceless expression. There are, doubtless, proper differences of opinion as to the precise characteristics of a good historical style, but we fancy that all would agree that accuracy, clearness, balance, naturalness, and dignity are indispensable; and it is precisely these characteristics that Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elson has failed, on the whole, to attain. Where one would welcome lightness and grace, we find jauntiness; where the subject calls for dignity and breadth, there is too often exaggerated emphasis of phrase. It is difficult, accordingly, to read the book without weariness. "Popular" historical writing ought to be particularly good writing, and Mr. Elson's writing is not good.

Again, the general treatment of the subject shows nothing distinctive in the point of view, and no originality in method of presentation. At a number of important points the treatment is either conventional or else inadequate. The descriptions of colonial life, for example, emphasize the time-honored hardships and inconveniences of the people. There is no adequate account of the causes of the Revolution or of the popular feeling in regard to it, though we are glad to note in Chapter X. a commendable section on the Acts of Trade. The importance of Otis's speech on writs of assistance is, as usual, overestimated, and there is no hint that the writs were not a new thing. To say, as on page 348, that "to construe the Constitution loosely or broadly meant to give the general Government larger powers than the letter of that document would indicate; to construe it strictly meant to confine Congress to the strict letter, leaving all other powers to the States or to the people," is to give but a hazy notion of the grounds of a controversy on whose issue the structure of American constitutional law is mainly built. We are accordingly not surprised to find Mr. Elson's account of the Nullification movement slight. The same inadequacy appears in the references to the general social life of the people, the development of the West, the condition of the South during and after the civil war, the finances of the civil war, and the Reconstruction period. There are some idiosyncrasies of method, too. Thus, Chapter III., entitled "Explorations," is wholly given up to the exploits of De Soto; and as this comprises the larger part of what is said about the period before 1600, the reader gets no idea of the ceaseless effort during the sixteenth century to chart the Atlantic coast and bring the country under European control. Certain topics not deemed important enough for the text are discussed in notes at the end of the several chapters, and among these we find the Florida treaty of 1819 and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

We point out these more striking defects of Mr. Elson's book, not because they are necessarily fatal in themselves, but rather because in place of them we are not offered any compensating advantages. An author who, in a much worked field, departs from accustomed lines, is bound, we think, to make clear his reasons; but in this case the reasons are not evident. We could spare the narratives of early voyages if in their place we could have an account of the Spanish system of colonial administration; but Mr. Elson gives us neither. We could welcome an abridged account of the attempted restriction of the slave trade if instead we could be told something about the economic aspects of domestic slavery; but on this latter subject, so urgently in need of exposition, Mr. Elson has nothing new to say. The work before us sheds no fresh light on any part of the field of American history, nor does it so group familiar material as to gain helpful interest or emphasis.

Mr. Elson has frankly relied for his facts mainly on secondary sources; and while his authorities, if we may judge from the footnote references, have usually been good ones, he has not wholly escaped error. A curious example of transformation of figure occurs on page 179, where Parkman's striking comparison of Braddock's army on the march to "a thin, long, parti-colored snake," becomes in Mr. Elson's hands the simile of "a gigantic centipede." The whole account of the taking of Quebec, for which Parkman is again the authority, is marred by numerous inaccuracies which a more careful use of Parkman's volumes would have prevented. A similar inattentiveness is doubtless the reason for bringing the Free Soil party into the field in 1840, and for speaking of the rejection by the Senate of Tyler's treaty for the annexation of Texas as though it followed promptly upon the submission of the treaty, instead of being delayed to await the result of the party conventions. At times the reader is left in doubt about the facts. In the first chapter, on Columbus and his age, several positive statements in the text are shown by footnotes to be of doubtful validity. In a note on page 39 the author virtually takes back—quite advisedly, we venture to think—much that he has just said about the incapacity of the Indian for civilization. At other points there is healthy outspokenness. We have firm reprobation of the policy which brought on the Mexican war, and of the course of the Republican party during Reconstruction. If the appreciation of Washington is disparaging, it is at least frank. There are sympathetic words for the abolitionists and John Brown, and uncommon attention to the workings of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 in the North.

We anticipate a considerable sale for Mr. Elson's volume, and certainly few can read the book without profiting by it. If its language could have been carefully revised and its more glaring omissions and defects made good, its success would, we think, have been deservedly large. We cannot regard the work in its present form, however, as other than an ill-digested performance, and for that reason must withhold from it other than a qualified approbation.

Present-Day Japan. By Augusta M. C. Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This English lady's account of her travels in Japan, or more particularly what she felt and thought under the camellia and camphor trees, is perhaps all the more interesting because digested from letters which were not originally intended for publication. The book gives to a careful reader the impression of things seen and enjoyed, but with the inevitable illusions arising from first notions corrected by reflection and wider opportunities. It is indeed refreshing to find a tourist frankly acknowledging the necessity of previous study in order to appreciate. The vice of the average traveller in Japan is in vehemently insisting that the present is all, and that the surface of things is reality. Here is a woman who seriously attempts to understand the achievements of the Japanese in 1904 by considering them in the light of their past, and with reference to those ethical forces which have acted upon them for centuries. Having retained and amplified the notes gathered on the spot, she far outranks the bookmaker who travels by rail. Of the eight chapters, four treat of places each one of which represents a phase of national history and development—Yokohama, Kioto, Nikko, and Tokio.

In her travels, Miss Davidson sees with a woman's eye much that a man might not notice, for we hear not a little about sleeping arrangements, meals, ventilation, and the omnipresent rat, which over the thin boards of plasterless Japanese ceilings holds perpetual and noisy carnival. In picturing "the national faith," which is Shinto, she is struck with the sense of emptiness, with the absence of ornament and color in the shrines, and with the total lack of ethical sentiment, though not of moral responsibility to the incarnation of the nation's life, the Emperor, while she is surprised at the spectacular contrasts shown in the popular forms of lively processions and "the play which makes the gods laugh," the Kagura. "The shadow land of Shinto" seems to be as empty of dogma or fixed truth as is the shrine of idols, and only the popular demonstrations seem concrete. Nevertheless, on reading her chapters, one can understand how certain natives of Mikado-land, while holding Shinto as essentially a religion of the family and of the hearth, and of the nation at home, are yet almost fanatical in their determination not only to accept neither metaphysical nor alien theology, but to bear forward their creed of simple rationalism throughout Asia and the world. Yet the author mistakes, we think, in supposing that ancestor worship is a primordial and necessary part of Shinto. No scholar, native or alien, has yet proved that the worship of ancestors is a genuine product of Japanese soil, while some learned foreigners believe, and a few of the higher critics among the Japanese have, as we think, demonstrated, that worship of ancestors was not a part of primitive Shinto. Of course such teaching in Japan, being both a political offence and also schismatic, cannot as yet be tolerated, but secures at once for any one in Government pay, after what looks very much like a heresy trial, either retirement or official decapitation. In fact, in this procedure, the Japanese are quite equal to their ecclesiastical brethren in America.

Though the chapter on Buddhist rites and sects is readable and shows plenty of first-hand observation, Miss Davidson is less informing and interesting, for here she has borrowed too much from general writers, and moreover reveals not only her own but the poverty also of even the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan concerning the indigenous Buddhism and the tremendous transformation of the Aryan faith wrought in these islands. In fact, she is quite English in forgetting to name American authors from whom she borrows ideas and coloring. Nevertheless, she shows clearly the tendency of the Japanese Buddhist sects "to bring the goal of eternal hope ever nearer to the individual soul; in other words, to find a short cut to Nirvana, and to make Nirvana itself rather more interesting by substituting for its negative peace something more like positive hap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piness." In her lively sketch of Kioto she mourns the effect of photography in making the work of Japanese artists and artisans less full of life and vividness, and more slavish in literal detail. Like other British corrupters of the Japanese and English languages, she uses freely the abomination "rickshaw." She went to hear a story-teller, not to be thrilled by the story, for she was deaf to the intricacies of the tale, but to see how the Japanese like to get their novel-reading done for them without the trouble of brain or eye-strain. She noticed that the hat went round at various crises of the story, when the expender of breath for the crowd would rest his lungs while the coins jingled.

Of Nikko we have heard before, but from none who has seemed so steeped in the memories and associations of the place which nature and art have made so beautiful. The chapter on the city of Tokio is one very nearly up to date, for it has pictures in word and engraving of the Emperor's review (on his birthday) of his imperial guards. There is also a chapter on the drama which sets the actors, acting and themes very creditably against the background of national history, ethics and taste. There is an index, and the mechanical outfit of print, paper, illustrations, and binding is excellent.

Old Time Aldwych, the Kingsway and Neighborhood. By Charles Gordon. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

London is the last of the great capitals of Europe to recognize the necessity of modernizing itself. What Paris, Berlin, and Rome have done, London is only at last commencing on a scale at all adequate. Till a time within the memory of old people central London stood almost exactly on the lines of the mediæval city. Unfortunately, a grand opportunity was missed when London was rebuilt after the great fire of 1666. Had Wren's plan of rebuilding been adopted, London would have been far in advance of all huge modern cities. But, from Wren's day till recently, nothing was done to improve communications within the largest city of Europe. Some of us recollect when the way from Newgate to Holborn ran down a steep decline to the valley of the Fleet, and when, further westwards, the road made a bend round by the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The making of the viaduct, of Faringdon Road, of New Oxford Street, Cannon Street, and the Thames Embankment, are all more or less modern works. Still later came the driving of broad streets through Soho and the adjacent districts. Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road are two of the most recent improvements.

A still greater improvement than these last is one now in progress. Any one who will look at a map of London will note a very curious feature. While London was developing itself longitudinally from east to west, along the quasi-parallel lines of the Strand and Holborn, no care was taken to bring the two lines into communication by thoroughfares running north and south. Between the new Charing Cross Road and Holborn Circus there is not a single wide street from north to south. The London County Council is now supplying the want of such a street by the widening of Southampton Row on the north of Holborn, and by making a wide street on the south to the Strand. The latter part of the work will for the most part give us a new street, Kingsway, terminating in Aldwych. The latter name is justified by the fact that part of the new thoroughfare absorbs the vanished Wych Street. The name of Kingsway lacks such a justification, and is open to the objection that formerly it was the name of a street immediately to the north of the garden of Gray's Inn. But the old name had long ago disappeared, and the question is of interest to none but lovers of old London, future generations of whom will have to be on their guard against this appropriation of a lapsed name to a new street. The new streets traverse a region once fashionable, but the glory has long departed; the neighborhood was for the most part squalid and noisome, sadly needing light and air. The district is rich in historical memories, and, as it was untouched by the great fire, it contained some of the most picturesque relics of Old London. In particular Wych Street and Holywell Street—the latter a favorite haunt of the bookworm—had many houses with gables on the street, a mark of London architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It is of this region that Mr. Gordon tells us in his book. He has not always had due regard to proportion. We could well have spared long extracts from the reports of deliberations of the London County Council. These have, indeed, relevance to the subject, but our patience is sorely tried by the reproduction of a tirade of eight pages taken from the *Daily Mail*, inveighing against the British workman in the style only too familiar. We almost rise in rebellion when we find this screed followed by three mortal pages extracted from the *Globe* newspaper. Mr. Gordon's weak point is his excessive fondness for quotation at most inordinate length. At one point we have over five pages from Hone's 'Every-Day Book,' elsewhere two pages from *Punch;* elsewhere, again, whole pages from Dickens. But Mr. Gordon has, after all, collected with great industry a vast number of anecdotes about a most interesting quarter of Old London. As he has allowed himself considerable space in which to tell the story of Temple Bar, he might have told us more about the heads which decorated it. A drawing made in 1772 for Noorthouck's 'London' shows two heads stuck above the Bar. One of these fell on March 31 of this year, 1772; so far as we know, the fall of the last is not recorded. No account of Temple Bar is complete without some reference to the famous burning of a Pope in November, 1679, when the popish plot of Titus Oates was at its height.

Mr. Gordon has given a map showing the line of the new streets. The book contains also many illustrations, the interest of which would have been even greater had their origin been more frequently stated.

Liberal Christianity: Its Origin, Nature, and Mission. By Jean Réville, professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Paris. [Crown Theological Library.] London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of these chapters was delivered by Professor Réville in 1902 in Geneva in a course of lectures under the auspices of the Swiss Liberal Christian Union. The lectures went by the title "Liberal Protestantism," but the broader title of the book is of the writer's own choosing. A colleague of the late Auguste Sabatier in the University of Paris, Professor Réville's line of thought will be found to run closely parallel with Sabatier's recent 'Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit,' but his book has the accent of a different personality, and his views are much more tersely expressed. In either work we feel the stress of those conditions of the religious world which are just now pressing so heavily on the French people, but in Professor Réville's we feel it much the more keenly. Like Newman in 1835, he is the champion of a *Via Media*, but in a very different fashion. What he pleads for is some middle course between the traditional orthodoxy, Romanist or Protestant, and the negation and destruction of the extreme secular party. This is the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

There are five chapters corresponding to the five lectures given in Geneva. The first, "Genesis of Liberal Protestantism," is an *argumentum ad Protestantem*, maintaining the thesis that Liberal Protestantism is "the modern expression of the principle of the Reformation," which was actually founded on freedom of inquiry and the religious supremacy of the individual conscience. Liberal Protestantism merely applies the principles of the Reformation with greater consistency than the first reformers. The contention that the Protestant Bible was nearly two centuries on its way to a position of infallible authority is in perfect keeping with the conclusions of the most careful scholarship. The infallibility of the Bible, as of the Pope, was developed by the logic of necessity, not by that of the pure intellect. There should be a lesson here for Mr. Balfour, who so hopelessly confounds the reasons why men *do* believe with the reasons why they *should* believe.

A second chapter argues that Liberal Protestantism is the modern expression of the Christian religion, as well as of the Protestant form of it. But, in furtherance of this claim, Christianity is reduced to its lowest terms—the spirit of its founder, whose theological equally with his scientific teachings are set aside as local and temporary forms of thought. The spirit of the founder was that of filial trust in God, fraternal love for all mankind. Professor Réville waxes eloquent in his insistence that we have not here "a reduced Christianity," but the most exalted. His appeal is wholly to religious experience. The third chapter amplifies this teaching, incidentally repudiating the doctrines of the Trinity, total depravity, and vicarious atonement. In the pages which reflect the personality of Jesus, we seem to have an advance upon Sabatier, for whom the dogma of the Trinitarian and the opinion of the Unitarian rationalist are alike fatal to the Religion of the Spirit. It is quite impossible to distinguish Réville's opinion from that of the Unitarian rationalist, but he is able to recognize the "fruits of the Spirit" on the same tree with the orthodox dogma.

The fourth chapter, having for its particular subject "The Church in the Modern World," confronts us with the religious situation in which the French people at present find themselves. At this point we should expect to find Professor Réville pleading

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for disestablishment. the entire separation of Church and State; but, while he concedes that this is the ideal for new countries like our own, in France he would still have the Church fostered by the State. But the Church, as fostered by the State, he would have possess an exclusively religious and moral character. At this point his view lacks definition. Apparently his State Church would be exclusive of Roman Catholics—a position as doubtful as that of Gladstone when he wrote of the relations of State and Church in 1838. A final chapter deals with "The Ideal of Liberal Protestantism and its Mission in Modern Society." Its mission is to discredit external authority and supernaturalism, to harmonize religion and science. Professor Réville reserves his profoundest indignation for "those double-minded believers, those amphibians of the spiritual life," who, convinced of the irrationality of the traditional dogma and the ecclesiastical rite, still bring to these their public approval and support.

Professor Réville's book is significant preëminently because it is one of hundreds issuing from seats of theological learning in which the traditional scheme of Christianity has no part nor lot; and the wonder is how long we are to wait for some practical readjustment corresponding to this immense development of revolutionary ideas in the field of thought.

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir Archibald Geikie. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1904. Pp. xii., 448.

Not for a long time has Scotland, fertile mother of memories as she is, produced so many-colored, fresh, and rich a book of reminiscences as this. A lengthened life and a broad range of experience; familiarity with every class, and a literary instinct which has kept his descriptions and narratives alive and in tone with all situations and conditions; a tenacious memory and most varied sympathies, have all gone to make Sir Archibald Geikie no mere teller of good stories, or thin voice out of a past world, but a veritable picturer of that world—in great part, now, dead and gone—as it essentially lived and moved and had its being. North and south, east and west, into every parish his work on the Geological Survey led him, and gave him a right of way not simply over hills and fields, but into the most intimate life of the people. And in the period, too, which has fallen to him he has been happy. Born in an Edinburgh that was practically still the town of Scott, he has lived through the second great period of Scottish development and change which came in with the steam engine, and which seems to be gathering speed and moment with every year. It is characteristic of the geologist that he believes that this transformation is in great part external; that the land which has always made its people still abides and works; and that "the fundamental groundwork of national character and temperament continues to be but little affected." Those who knew the old Scotland and the old breed of men, of granite and hillside mist, must hope that this is true.

Travel, religion, law, medicine, professors and schoolmasters, lairds and farmers, crofters and shepherds, life in the Highlands, the Shetlands and the Lowlands, wayside life, town life, superstitions and survivals, the Sabbath and the devil, all go into this farrago and kaleidoscope. Of stories, in which Scottish literature is so rich—apparently because of the easy contact of all classes with equally easy independence—there are many here which are fairly new. Has this one appeared before?

"A country doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: 'Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?' The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: 'Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysell. Ye see he deed at twal' o'clock.'"

Another goes back at least to Bunyan, but the close is the immortal, "Am I a goat?" of Ian Maclaren. "'My friends,' he said, 'look at the hens when they drink. There's not ane o' them but lifts its heid in thankfulness, even for the water that is sae common. O that we were a' hens.'" But will the following appeal equally to the American mind?

"A Fife shepherd who was in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh on a week day, found that his dog had strayed to some distance and was making off in a wrong direction. He begged an acquaintance whom he had met to whistle for the animal. 'Whustle on your ain dowg,' was the indignant reply. 'Na, na, man,' said the perturbed drover. 'I canna dae that, for you see it's our Fast Day in Kirkaldy.'"

Certainly, to some part of this last every heart will respond: "'This is no' a godly place at all, at all,' said a discontented laborer in the Perthshire Highlands. 'They dinna preach the gospel here—and they wahtter the whusky.'" The rest must be left untold—the tales of the "inferior clawret," "I wass not very fond of saalt," "Ye'll aiblins gang doun," of the catechizing, and many more. The wandering Scot whose stock is beginning to show threadbare will find a new and ample store here.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

As a Chinaman Saw Us. D. Appleton & Co.
Bérard, Victor. La Révolte de l'Asie. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Boutmy, Emile. The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology. Translated from the French by E. English. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. The Pride of Jennico. Popular edition. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Clay, Albert T. Business Documents of Murashû Sons. (Babylonian Expedition of University of Penn. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Vol X.) Published at the University of Pennsylvania.
Conley, John Wesley. The Bible in Modern Light. Philadelphia: The Baptist Publishing Society.
Graded City Speller, for second, third, fourth and fifth-year grades. Edited by William Estabrook Chancellor. The Macmillan Co. 56 cents.
Griffis, William Elliot. Dux Christus. An Outline Study of Japan. The Macmillan Co. 30 cents.
Hart, Horace. Rules for Compositors and Readers *at the University Press, Oxford. 17th edition,* revised and enlarged. Henry Frowde. 6d.
Jonathan Edwards's Sermons. Edited by H. Norman Gardiner. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Kuhns, Oscar. Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.
Myers, Philip Van Ness. Ancient History. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.50; postage, 15c.
Piñeyro, Enrique. El Romanticismo en España. Paris: Garnier Frères.
Platner, Samuel Ball. The Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome. (College Latin Series.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Putnam, Ruth. A Mediæval Princess (Fiction). G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.
Schierbrand, Wolf von. America, Asia, and the Pacific. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Smith, David Eugene. Grammar School Arithmetic. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Tapp, Sidney C. The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VIII.—The French Revolution. The Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Von Ostini, Fritz. Böcklin (Künstler Monographien, LXX.) Bielefeld and Leipsig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4m.
War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy. Collected by H. M. Wharton. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $2 net.
Welsford, Enil (aged twelve). The Seagulls, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.
Wheeler, Olin D. The Trail of Lewis and Clark. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.
Wilson, Rufus Rockwell. New England in Letters. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.

"**A book of extraordinary interest** as a study from the inside of the inwardness of a genius."—*Times' Saturday Review.*

The Diary of a Musician

Edited by DOLORES M. BACON.

Illustrated, $1.50 net. (By mail, $1.62.)

Chicago Record-Herald: "**Uncommon power distinguishes it.** . . . Curiously interesting."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "**The temperament of a genius is shown with remarkable fidelity.**"

Henry Holt & Co.

29 W. 23D ST., NEW YORK.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

Library Department

We have sold books to librarians for fifty years.
We have the largest stock in the largest book market in the country.
We fill orders promptly, completely, and intelligently.

Send for our new Clearance Catalogue.

Wholesale Booksellers and Publishers

33-37 East 17th Street, Union Square, North, NEW YORK.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, Eliot, Fielding, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Poe, Reade, Ruskin, Scott, Smollett, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

To Let.

Wianno, Mass.

SUMMER COTTAGE

On ocean front, completely equipped, 16 rooms, one minute from the hotel, rent $1.000. Mrs. T. H. AMES, Cotocheset, House.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

"First Folio Edition."

To be completed in 40 handy volumes, size 4¼x6¼. Sold separately. Cloth, net, 50 cents; limp leather, net 75 cents. (Postage 5 cents.)

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
426-428 West Broadway - New York

DANIEL WEBSTER'S WORKS,
National Edition, in 18 vols.
Send for descriptive pamphlets, etc.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED